

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1028.—13 February, 1864.

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☞ Finding that our remarks on Christmas and New Year's Gifts have received much attention, and have caused some acceptable presents to be made, we reprint them, and can still furnish the Nos. from 1st January.

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## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(DECEMBER 24TH, 1863.)

He was a cynic : By his life all wrought  
Of generous acts, mild words, and gentle ways :  
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,  
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

He was a cynic : you might read it writ  
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver  
hair ;  
In those blue eyes with childlike candor lit,  
In the sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

He was a cynic : by the love that clung  
About him from his children, friends, and kin :  
By the sharp pain, light pen, and gossip tongue  
Wrought in him, chasing the soft heart within.

He was a cynic : let his books confess  
His *Dobbin's* silent love ; or yet more rare,  
His *Newcome's* chivalry and simpleness ;  
His *Little Sister's* life of loving care.

And if his acts, affections, works, and ways  
Stamp not upon the man the cynic's sneer,  
From life to death, O public, turn your gaze—  
The last scene of a cynical career !

These uninvited crowds, this hush that lies,  
Unbroken, till the solemn words of prayer  
From many hundred reverent voices rise  
Into the sunny stillness of the air.

These tears, in eyes but little used to tears,  
These sobs, from manly lips, hard set and grim,  
Of friends, to whom his life lay bare for years,  
Of strangers, who but knew his books, not him.

A cynic? Yes, if 'tis the cynic's part  
To track the serpent's trail with saddened eye,  
To mark how good and ill divide the heart,  
How lives in checkered shade and sunshine lie ;

How e'en the best unto the worst is knit  
By brotherhood of weakness, sin, and care ;  
How even in the worst sparks may be lit  
To show all is not utter darkness there.

Through Vanity's bright-flaunting fair he walked,  
Marking the puppets dance, the jugglers play ;  
Saw Virtue tripping, honest effort balked,  
And sharpened wit on roguery's downward  
way ;

And told us what he saw : and if he smiled  
His smile had more of sadness than of mirth—  
But more of love than either. Undeified,  
Gentle, alike by accident of birth,

And gift of courtesy, and grace of love,  
When shall his friends find such another friend ?  
For them, and for his children God above  
Has comfort : let us bow : God knows the end.  
—*Punch*.

## WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Now that his noble form is clay,  
One word for good old Thackeray,—  
One word for gentle Thackeray,  
Spite of his disbelieving eye,  
True Thackeray—a man who would not lie.

Among his fellows he was peer  
For any gentleman that ever was ;  
And if the lordling stood in fear  
Of the rebuke of that satiric pen,  
Or if the good man sometimes gave a tear,  
They both were moved by equal laws,  
They loved and hated him with honest cause ;  
'Twas Nature's truth that touched the men.

Oh, nights of Addison and Steele,  
And Swift and all those men return !  
Oh, for some writer, now, to make me feel !  
Oh, for some talker that can bid me burn,  
Like him, with his majestic power  
Of pathos mixed with terrible attack,  
And probing into records of the past,  
Through some enchanted hour,  
To show the white and black,  
And what did not—and what deserved to last !

Poet and scholar, 'tis in vain  
We summon thee from those dim halls  
Where only death is absolute and holds unquestioned reign.

Even Shakspeare must go downward in his dust—  
And lie with all the rest of us in rust—  
And mould and gloom and mildewed tomb  
(Mildewed or May-dewed, evermore a tomb),  
Yet hoping still above our skies  
To have his humble place among the just.

And so "Hic Jacet"—that is all  
That can be writ, or said, or sung  
Of him who held in such a thrall  
With his melodious gift of pen and tongue  
Both nations—old and young.

Honor's a hasty word to speak ;  
But now I say it solemnly and slow  
To the One Englishman most like that Greek  
Who wrote "The Clouds" two thousand years  
ago. —*Daily Advertiser*.

## ANOTHER YEAR.

PASSES the great procession of the years,  
And human creatures fade, and human na-  
tions :

And he who listens towards the future, hears  
The hurrying feet of unborn generations,  
Onward they come, to triumph o'er the earth,  
To make fierce wars, to spoil much virgin  
paper,

To live the old life of trouble and of mirth,  
And then to vanish like a summer vapor.

We must go first. The Nestor of the State,  
Lyndhurst, has left us. Meaner men and  
younger—

Gay girls—young children—fall before their fate,  
Yet never satiate "Edax Rerum's" hunger.

Last name of note upon the fatal list  
Of human souls escaped beyond humanity—  
The witty, genial, keen-eyed humorist  
Who preached upon the text that all is vanity.

All would be vanity, if earth were all :  
But turn your gaze to the adamantine portal  
Whence the unimaginable glories fall  
Whose reflex made our Milton's verse immor-  
tal. C.

—*Press*.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

*Eugénie de Guérin. Journal et lettres publiées avec l'assentissement de sa famille.* Par G. S. Trebutien, Conservateur adjoint de la Bibliothèque de Caen. Didier, Paris. 1863.

*Maurice de Guérin. Journal, lettres et poèmes.* Publiés par G. S. Trebutien. Didier, Paris. 1863.

THERE is something deeply affecting in the announcement that the French Academy has accorded two grand prizes of three thousand francs each to writings, the author of which has been fifteen years beyond the reach of human praise or blame; indeed, which were primarily composed without a thought of their meeting any eye but that of the favorite brother for whom the occurrences and thoughts of the day were set down. Primarily, we say, for at first the brother was the sole object of the writings to which we refer, though latterly, when the diary had become a solace, though the original motive no longer existed, the following sentences occur, as if in self-exercise for the time spent upon it:—

"Sometimes I say to myself, 'What is, or what will be, the use of these pages?' They were only of value to him, to Maurice, who found his sister there. What does finding myself there signify to me? But if I find an innocent amusement there—if I find there a rest from the toils of the day—if, in order to place them there, I make up the nosegays, gathered from my wilderness, in solitude, my events and my thoughts, given me by God to teach or to strengthen me, oh, surely there can be no harm in it! And if some heir of my cell should find them and meet with some good thought, which he may relish and be the better for, if only for a moment, I should have done good. I will do it. No doubt, I dread the loss of time, that *price of eternity*; but is it losing it to use it for one's own soul and other people's?"—1840. *January 24th.*—P. 334.

This, however, was only written when the estimation in which these journals were held by the friends to whom the brother had shown them had revealed to the author that relative value of talent in the world which experience cannot fail to make known, even to the humblest. In general, the great charm of the journal of Eugénie de Guérin is its perfect simplicity and, if we may use such an expression, its homely refinement. It is also most interesting and remarkable as an un-

conscious revelation of the working of the Roman Catholic system on a reflective and intellectual character.

Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin, for it is impossible to separate the brother and sister, were the children of a country gentleman of Languedoc, of historical name, originally Italian, inheriting some of the best blood in the country, numbering cardinals, knights-hospitaliers, and troubadours among his collateral ancestors, but of small means; farming his own unproductive little estate of Le Cayla, near the town of Gaillac, and living a life among his neighbors which reminds us of Madame de la Rochejacquelein's description of Vendéan manners before the Revolution; associating freely with farmers, who came to talk of their cattle in the evening, and going into the village to arrange the preliminaries of a peasant marriage. His château was a most lonely place, apparently scarcely accessible except on horseback, perched upon a steep hill and with a terrace in front, whence a slope led to a green valley through which a streamlet flowed. The house was, judging by a small print of it, of the tall, slim form peculiar to everything French, and retaining so much of the old defences, that it had an extinguisher turret and none of the older windows near the ground. Within, Eugénie thus describes it:—

"Our rooms all white, without mirrors or any trace of luxury; the dining-room with a sideboard and chairs, and two windows looking towards the northern wood; the other parlor beside it, with a large, wide sofa, in the middle a round table, straw chairs, an old tapestry easy-chair, . . . two glass doors leading to the terrace."—1840. *August.*—P. 399.

So lonely was this abode in winter, that the sight of a crow or the visit of a beggar was an event; but in summer it was a favorite resort of numerous relations and acquaintances living at Gaillac. The family consisted of four children, Erembert, Eugénie, Marie, and Maurice. Eugénie was born in 1805, Maurice in 1811; and when, five years later, the mother died, there remained that peculiar and beautiful inheritance of maternal love that so often links the eldest daughter of a bereaved family to the youngest and weakest member. And weak and tender Maurice evidently was to an unusual degree. The mother had left an inheritance of consump-

tion, and the Italian and Provençal natures combining in the family, produced in two at least of its members intellects of ardent poetical fervor, lodged within tender, delicate frames, sensitive to every outward influence. Clinging, affectionate, and full of sensibility, Maurice would have been the contempt of a hardy English boy; but he was pre-eminently a sister's brother, revelling in Rollin and the few books afforded by the scanty library of Le Cayla, wandering in the woods, making an almond-tree a sort of refuge and confidant, and preaching little sermons to his sisters out of a cave that they called the pulpit of St. Chrysostom. At eleven years old, he wrote a sort of poem in prose upon the murmuring music here called the Midsummer hum, but which he terms "the sounds of nature; the sounds shed abroad in the air, that rise with the sun, and follow him like a band in the train of a king."

A character like his, in so devout a family, seemed marked for the clerical profession, and at eleven he began his studies at Toulouse, and there distinguished himself so much that the Archbishops both of Toulouse and Rouen wished to undertake the charge of his further education; but his father did not accept the offer, and at thirteen he was sent to the Stanislas College at Paris, where he remained for five years without returning home.

The earlier years of a precocious manhood were almost necessarily full of struggles and suffering to a nature of so much ardor, bred up in the unquestioning faith of an old-fashioned Roman Catholic family, then launched into the sea of modern thought at Paris, with the clerical course of study making the difficulties practical instead of speculative.

When he came home, it was in a mood of deep melancholy that nothing seemed to cheer but the beauties of nature, and which was further deepened by his attachment to Louise de Bayne, an intimate friend of his sister, and evidently a most charming person; but, like Scott's Matilda of Rokeby, she could only admire without loving the plaintive poet, and gave her heart to a manly, resolute Algerine colonist, who was preparing a home for her in Africa.

Love and doubt alike unsettled Maurice from his projects of taking holy orders, and in the midst of his uncertainty and distress he was delighted by an offer of admission into La Chenaie, a sort of semi-monastic institu-

tion that the Abbé de Laménais had commenced in Brittany. Laménais, Lacordaire, and Montalembert, were at that time intimately united, and were regarded as the men likely to remould and revivify the Gallican Church; and in La Chenaie Maurice found several distinguished inmates, such as Lacordaire, Gerbet, afterwards the author of "Rome Chrétienne;" Elie de Kertanguy, Cazalés, and François Du Breil de Marzan, who has left an interesting record of the life there spent.

The community rose at five, and met for prayer and meditation on a subject fixed on the night before, and, after an appointed interval, each in turn gave the result of his thoughts. Prayers and mass followed; then occupation till the midday meal, after which came an hour and a half of recreation, when the younger men were encouraged to enjoy the manly exercises of their college days. Another chapel service followed, then a resumption of work, and in the evening the whole community assembled to listen to some religious book, read aloud in turns by the young men. Rodriguez, Bossuet, Fenelon, and St. Augustin, are specified as among their authors; but Maurice is mentioned as peculiarly excelling when reading the works of St. François de Sales and St. Theresa. He was then "no longer the timid, almost awkward youth who was silently present in the evening's official circles; he was the contemplative man—the poet; . . . he was our friend in his completeness, such as we loved him; such as, six years after, he was again seen by the two sisters who received him at Le Cayla, dying." —(*Maurice*, p. 445.) The day was ended with hymns and canticles sung in the chapel by Guérin and Kertanguy, and followed by the evening prayers.

The young men sometimes took expeditions for a few days in the scenery around, and the whole seemed a sort of ideal of a religious retreat—free, rational, and intellectual, according to modern requirements, and no less devout than an old convent. M. Feli, as Laménais was familiarly called there, was extremely loved, and Maurice always looked upon La Chenaie as a sort of peaceful paradise; but his friend, M. de Breil, thinks that at the time he was not so happy as he afterwards fancied; that he did not amalgamate with the rest of the students, nor enter into the spirit of the place; that he still was op-

pressed by the same vague melancholy, and that his really enjoyable moments were those when he was alone with Nature. His diary, which begins at La Chenaie, bears out this impression.

Inadequate as translation must necessarily be, we are tempted to give a few specimens of the exceeding beauty of his descriptions, and of the melancholy that struggled with his enjoyment :—

"1833. April 5th, Good Friday.—A day as fine as could be wished. Clouds, but only enough to form a landscape in the sky. Their forms become more and more summer-like. Their various groups remain motionless beneath the sun like flocks of sheep in the pastures during the great heats. I have seen a swallow and heard the bees humming over the flowers. As I sat in the sun, that my very marrow might be penetrated by the divine spring, I experienced some of the impressions of my childhood; for a moment I gazed on the sky with its clouds, the earth with its woods, its warblings and hummings, as I used then to do. This renewal of the first aspect of things, of the expression one saw in them at first sight, is in my opinion one of the sweetest reactions of childhood on the course of life.

"My God! what right has my soul thus to become engrossed in such fleeting enjoyments upon Good Friday, the day so full of thy death and of our redemption? There is in me some damnable spirit that rouses in me a strong distaste, and drives me, so to say, into rebellion against holy exercises and the collectedness of mind which ought to prepare us for the great solemnities of our faith. We have been in retreat for two days past, and I have done nothing but be weary, gnaw myself with I know not what thoughts, and embitter myself even against the practices of the retreat. Oh, well do I acknowledge the old leaven from which I have not yet cleansed my soul!"—P. 25 (*Maurice*).

"April 23d.—The awakening of vegetation is wonderfully slow. I am almost out of humor with Nature, who seems to enjoy putting us out of patience. The larches, the birches, the stocks of lilac that we have in the garden, the rose-trees and hawthorn hedges, scarcely bear any verdure; all the rest is gloomy and slumberous, as in winter, except some beeches, which, more springlike than their brethren, begin to form themselves into bright clouds on the dark mass of the plantation that borders the pond. For the rest, all the birds are come: the nightingales sing night and day; the sun shines wondrously; the winged insects hum and dance; life and joy are everywhere, except with me.

I know not the cause of the strange contrast that has for some days past made life more painful than in the winter days, and even then I was far from happy. I seem to myself like a dead tree in the midst of a verdant wood."—P. 32.

The thought of his first love likewise haunted him in his monastic retreat :—

"1833. June 15th.—*Strange dream*. I thought myself alone in a vast cathedral. Strongly impressed by the presence of God, I was in the state of mind in which one is solely conscious of God and of one's self, when a voice was uplifted. The voice was infinitely sweet—a woman's voice—which, however, filled the whole church like a grand concert. I knew it at once; it was the voice of Louise—*silver-sweet sounding*.

"19th.—Three nights following, the same figure has appeared to me. What must I think of it?"—*Maurice*, pp. 41, 42.

The italicized words are English, for Guérin was a warm admirer of several English writers, Scott and Wordsworth in especial; and this admiration formed a bond of union between him and M. Hippolyte de Morvonnais, author of "*La Thêbaïde des Grecs*," a Breton gentleman, married to a charming young wife, and living at Le Val de l'Arguenon. This young man, ten years older than Maurice, was so devoted to our Lake poets, that at this time a pilgrimage to Rydal Mount, for the sake of making acquaintance with Wordsworth was a favorite project with him. We are told that the influences of La Chenaie, and in particular of François de Marzan, had been of great benefit to him, and that on the Easter Day of this year (1833) he communicated there for the first time for many years. Alas! that was the last Paschal Communion celebrated by Laménais himself! Collisions with the Bishop of Rennes led to the breaking up of the establishment of La Chenaie. Some of the pupils were transferred to Ploermel, and on the 7th of September Laménais set off for Rome, and the other inmates dispersed, few to meet again. Maurice did not at once leave Brittany, but remained making visits among his friends. His stay with Hippolyte de Morvonnais was a particularly peaceful and happy time, and his diary during these days is the fullest picture of his feeble spirit and high talent :—

"Le Val, December 7th.—After a year of perfect tranquillity, save for the tempests

within, which must not be charged upon the solitude, for that wrapped me in so much peace and silence that a less restless soul than mine would have been deliciously lulled asleep—after a year, I say, of this full tranquillity, my fortune, which had let me enter the holy house for a short repose, has knocked at the door to recall me, for she had not gone on her way, but had only sat down on the threshold to wait till I was strong enough to set off again. ‘Your halt has been long enough,’ she said. ‘Let us be gone. Forward!’ And she took my hand, and on she goes again, like the poor women we meet on the road, dragging a child after them with doleful looks. But how foolish am I to murmur! Are there no sorrows in the world except my own to water with my tears? Henceforth I shall say to the source of my tears ‘Be stayed;’ and to the Lord, ‘Lord, listen not to my complaints,’ whenever I am inclined to invoke him for myself; for it is well that I should suffer—I, who can win nothing in heaven by the merit of my actions, and who can only gain anything there by the virtue of suffering, like all feeble souls. Such souls have no wings to mount to heaven, yet the Lord, whose will it is to have them there, sends them aid. He places them on a pile of thorns, and sends down to kindle it the fire of grief; the wood is consumed, and from it darts towards heaven, as it were, a white vapor like the doves that took flight among the expiring flames of a martyr’s funeral pile. It is the soul that has fulfilled its sacrifice, and that the fire of tribulation has made light enough to mount to heaven like a vapor. Wood is heavy and motionless. Set fire to it, and a part of its very self will rise to the clouds. I am one of these souls, O Lord. I must not shed tears to quench my pile, but I will shed floods of tears for those who suffer and ought not to suffer; above all for him who is now a prey to the greatest vexations, yet who did so much good, that he might seem to have already a superfluity of merit without need of more. I will weep for him and for those who have injured him, and me likewise in the recoil of the blow. When Jesus Christ shed the inestimable virtue of his blood for his murderers, the least that men can do is to shed their tears for their enemies.

“I will consecrate these tears and the treasury of recollections I have brought from the happy roof of La Chenaie, which sheltered my life for a year, hidden in the bosom of a priest whom men reckon among their glories on earth, and saints claim as one of theirs in heaven. Bitter as is my grief, I will not hang my harp on the willows by the stream, because the Christian, unlike the Israelite, ought to sing the Lord’s song, and

the song of the Lord’s servant, in a strange land.

“And see how merciful is Providence to me. Lest the sudden transition from the mild and tempered air of this religious life to the torrid zone of the world should be too trying to my soul, it has led me, on leaving the holy asylum, to a house raised upon the confines of two regions, where, without being in solitude, it is not yet the world; a house whose windows open on the one side to the plain where the tumult of men is moving restlessly; on the other on the desert where the servants of God are singing. I shall set down here the history of my stay, for the days beneath this roof are full of happiness, and I know that in after time I shall often turn back to read again my past enjoyment. A man religious and poetical—a wife whose soul is so completely in accordance with his that it is like one doubled—a child named Marie like her mother, and the first beams of whose love and intelligence are starlike shining through the white cloud of childhood—a simple life in an old house—Ocean bringing us his chime morning and evening—and lastly, a traveller coming down from Carmel to enter Babylon, who has laid his staff and sandals at the door to seat himself at their hospitable board. Here are the materials for a biblical poem if I could describe things as I feel them.

“8th.—Yesterday, the west wind blew furiously. I saw the ocean enraged; but its violence, sublime as it is, is to my mind by no means equal to the spectacle of a calm blue sea. But why declare one not equal to the other? Who could measure these two sublimities, and say that ‘the second surpasses the first’? Let us only say, ‘My soul is better pleased with the calm than the storm.’ Yesterday there was an immense battle in the watery plains. Watching the bounding of the waves, they were as the numberless squadrons of Tartars that gallop unceasingly in the plains of Asia. The entrance of the bay is in a manner barred by a chain of granite islets, and it was a grand sight to watch the breakers hurry to the assault, and dash themselves madly against these masses with a fearful clamor; to see them take their rush, and vie with one another in overleaping the black head of the rocks. The boldest or the lightest sprang to the other side with a loud shout; the others, heavier or less alert, broke themselves against the rock, casting up foam of dazzling whiteness, then drew back with a dull, deep growl, like mastiffs repulsed by the traveller’s club. We watched these strange contests from a cliff, where we could hardly stand against the wind. The mighty tumult of the sea, the deafening race of the waves, the no less

rapid but silent race, of the clouds, the sea-birds floating in the sky, poising their slender form between two arched wings of huge span—this assembly of wild, re-echoing harmonies all centring together in the souls of two beings five feet high, perched on the crest of a cliff, shaken like a couple of leaves by the violence of the wind, and in this immensity not more visible than a pair of birds upon a clod of earth—oh, it was strange and admirable! one of the moments of sublime agitation and deep reverie, both together, when nature and the soul both erect themselves to their full height, fronting one another.

"From the height, we descended to a gorge opening to a sea-side retreat, such as the ancients loved to describe, where a few peaceable waves come in murmuring to their slumber, while their frantic brethren buffet the rocks, and strive with one another. Enormous masses of gray granite, variegated with white moss, are irregularly scattered on the slope of the hill which has hollowed itself into the creek. So strangely are they placed, and so much do they bend to a fall, that they look as if a giant had amused himself with rolling them from the top of the ridge, and as if they had stopped short wherever they met an obstacle, some close to the starting-point, others half-way; but they still seem rather delayed than stopped, or, rather, as if they were still in motion. The sound of the winds and waves confined within this sonorous hollow forms the finest harmony. There we halted for a long time, leaning on our sticks, full of wonder."

"9th.— . . . The sound of the sea was as calm and dreamy as in the finest days, only there was something more plaintive. Our ear followed the sound, which extended itself all along the coast, and we did not draw breath till the wave which had produced it had receded to make room for another. It is, I think, between the grave, deep voice rolled out by the unfurling wave, and the shrill, stony noise of the wave that is departing lightly rustling over the sand and shells, that the extraordinary ring of the ohan of the sea is produced. But why decompose such music? I shall never say anything worth having on it, for I do not understand analysis. Let us return to sentiment."

—P. 60.

We have given these extracts at length, partly for their descriptive power, and partly for the display here made of the manner in which the tenet of individual meritorious sacrifice was acting on a mind like Guérin's. Even tranquil enjoyment had a strange enervating effect upon him, for, on the 24th of January, he speaks of a "strange sensibility

that had seized his whole being, and brought tears into his eyes for a trifle, as is the case with children and aged persons."

In the same month he returned to Paris, and became a teacher at the Stanislas College, where he had been educated, also giving private lessons and contributing to periodicals. The design of a clerical life had passed away; his sympathy with Laménais had been such as to destroy all inclination to bind himself to the system that had repelled his master. An idol in a transition state has often proved the most dangerous object of adoration, and as Laménais drifted further and further from the Church, Maurice was more and more loosened from his bearings; and though no longer a direct follower of his beloved "M. Feli," he lost his hold upon faith, relinquished the dogmas of his youth, and wandered into a line of his own—a sort of pantheistic worship of a God of nature, in which his mournful spirit failed to find any sustenance or hope. In society, we are told, he was elegant and fashionable, and full of brilliancy in conversation. In his diary he writes:—

"Am I not a laughing-stock—a toy—something pursued with laughter by little children—a being against whom the weakest rise up—crushed by the foot of a boy of ten years old, without even turning like a tortured worm. All the children I meet have a sort of instinct of the feebleness of my nature, and use me as a master does a slave; their first motion on seeing me is to make a plaything of me, to quiz me with all the cutting simplicity of their age. I am not angry with them; it is their nature to make sport of all that is weaker than their weak hands."

—Maurice, May 13th, 1834, p. 85.

Or again:—

"Now all my converse with Nature, the other consoler of the afflicted, passes in a little garden of the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, near the Rue de la Pessinière. In the evening of the day before yesterday, I had my arm round the trunk of a lilac, and I sung in a low voice, '*Que le jour me dure*,' by J. J. This touching and melancholy air, my attitude, the evening calm, and, above all, my soul's habit of resuming all its sorrows at night, and surrounding itself with pale clouds towards the close of the day, threw me into a deep, inward, intense feeling of my wretchedness, my inward poverty. I saw myself poor—very poor—pitiable, and entirely incapable of a future. At the same time I seemed to hear, far away above my head, the rustle of

that world of thought and poetry towards which I dart so often without success in reaching it. I thought of those of my age whose wings can bear them thither, but without jealousy, as from here below we look at the elect and their bliss; yet my soul burnt, panted, struggled at its want of power.

The stem of the lilac I embraced shook in my arms. I fancied I felt it move spontaneously, and all its trembling leaves gave a soft sound, that seemed to me like a language, a murmur of lips stammering words of solace. O my lilac! I pressed thee at that moment in my arms as the sole being in the world against which I could support my reeling nature—the only one capable of enduring an embrace of mine, and pitiful enough to become the support of my wretchedness. How did I requite thee? With a few tears that fell on thy root.”—*Ibid.* 7th, 1834, p. 80.

The death of the charming Madame de Morvonnais early in the ensuing year, and the absorbing grief of her husband, deprived him of one of the most cheerful and wholesome influences of his life; and M. de Marzan considers it as marking the epoch when the most stormy and unhappy period of his inward life began. Then he had entirely ceased to ‘feel the rock beneath his feet,’ and was left, not merely to the depression of naturally low spirits, but to the dreary misery of doubt. Few men were ever more sensible of the exquisite charms of Nature—few ever held more communings with her spirit; but none was ever a more signal example of her insufficiency to supply the place of a personal God, Father, Redeemer, and Comforter.

One wholesome influence never failed Maurice; namely, that of his home, which he fondly calls by our English name, as if that alone would express its full charm. As has been beautifully said of Eugénie—

“Her strong effort to keep in sympathy with him had no doubt a tendency to brighten up her own faculties, that she might understand him and make him feel that she did so. She did not struggle to obtain the same species of knowledge; she probably soon saw that she would be distanced in that race. The sympathy was in the graceful, true, yet poetical manner of viewing every object; a habit of looking at everything so as that she should never be dull or despicable in any way before him; above all, a clear-sighted view of the paramount obligations of principle such as he could lean upon, such as might be a silent rebuke to fickleness, while yet he

should not be teased with unnecessary meddling.”

Living at home in solitary Le Cayla, Eugénie seems to have begun a journal for Maurice’s pleasure about the same time as his own was commenced, but the first sheets are missing, and the earliest date is the 15th of November, 1834. Though she had the same ardent love of nature as her brother, nature was not to her an idol, but a constant emblem of the invisible world; and thus to her

“Earth’s common paths seem strewn all o’er  
With flowers of pensive hope, the wreath of man  
forgiven.”

So pensive was the hope, that many regard her journal as mournful; but to us the effect of turning from her brother’s pages to hers is like passing from a gloomy wood, beautiful but oppressive, to an open sunny heath, flat, indeed, and to some eyes dull, but covered with an exquisite embroidery of smiling eye-bright, fragrant thyme, and verdant grass. Here is one of her earliest entries, perhaps one of the most complete pictures of her inner and outer life:—

“November 20th.—I love snow. The white view has something heavenly in it. Mud and bare earth displease and sadden me. To-day I only see the pathways and footsteps of the little birds. Lightly as they rest, they leave their little tracks, making a thousand patterns in the snow. It is pretty to see the little red feet, like coral pencils, designing them. Winter has its beauties and charms; they may be found everywhere by one who knows how to seek them. God scatters grace and beauty everywhere. I must go and see what charms there are by the kitchen fire—sparks, if I please. This is only a little ‘good-morning’ to you and to the snow as I jump out of bed.

“I had to set another dish for Sauveur Roquier, who came to see us. It was sugared ham, and the poor fellow licked his fingers. Good things do not often fall in his way, so I wished to give him a treat. It is to the forsaken that I think we ought to show most attentions; humanity and charity tell us so; the fortunate can do without them, yet they have them all to themselves, so crosswise are we made!

“No reading to-day. I made a cap for the little one, which took up all my moments. But provided one works, either with head or hands, it is the same in the sight of God, who reckons every work done in his name. I hope my cap may stand for an alms. I made

a gift of my time, of a little skin pricked away by my needle, and of a thousand interesting lines that I might have read. The day before yesterday, papa brought me from Clairac 'Ivanhoe' and 'Le Siècle de Louis XIV.,' a provision for some of these long winter evenings. I am the reader, but with many interruptions. Sometimes they want a key, often myself, and the book is closed for a moment. O Mimin (her sister Marie)! when will you come home to help the poor housewife who misses you every moment? Did I tell you that I heard of her yesterday at C—— fair, whither I went? How many yawns I left on that poor balcony! At last Mimi's letter came on purpose to be a counter-weariness (*contre ennui*), and that was the only pleasant thing I saw at C——.

"I wrote nothing yesterday. A blank is better than nothings, which were all I could tell you. I was tired and sleepy. To-day it is much better. I have seen the snow come and go. While I was at dinner, a fine sun came forth, and there was an end of the snow. Now it is dark and ugly. What shall I see to-morrow morning? Who knows?—the face of the world changes so fast.

"I am returning much pleased from the kitchen, where I spent more time than usual to induce Paul, one of our servants, to go to confession this Christmas. He promised me. He is a good lad and will do so. God be praised! my evening is not lost. How delightful, if every day I could win a soul for the Lord! Good Scott has been neglected to-night, but what reading would be worth what Paul has promised me?"—*Eugénie*, pp. 8-10.

Here we have Eugénie in her playful enjoyment of common things, in her love of reading, and her religious aspect. See her again:—

"November 29th.—Cloaks, clogs, umbrella—all the paraphernalia of winter followed us this morning to Andillac, where we stayed till evening, sometimes at the parsonage, sometimes at the church. I like this Sunday life—so active, so busy, so varied. People see one another on the way, there are curtseys from all the women one meets, and gossip on the road about the fowls, the flock, the husband, the children. My great delight is to coax them, and see them hide themselves, all rosy, in their mother's skirts. They are afraid of *las doumaïsélos*, as well as of everything else that is strange. One of the little ones said to his grandmother, who was talking of coming here, 'Minino, don't go to that *castel*; there is a black prison there.' Whence is it that castles have always

been dreaded? Is it from the horrors once committed there? I think so.

"Oh, how pleasant it is when the rain is dropping from the sky with a slight sound, to sit by one's fire, holding the tongs and making sparks. That was my pastime just now; I am fond of it; sparks are so pretty; they are the flowers of the hearth. Verily, charming things take place in the embers, and when I am not busy I am amused with the phantasmagoria of the fireplace. There are a thousand little forms in the ashes that come and go, grow bigger, change, and vanish; sometimes, angels, horned demons, children, old women, butterflies, dogs, sparrows, everything may be seen under the logs. I remember a figure with an air of heavenly suffering, that seemed to me what a soul might be in purgatory. I was struck, and wished an artist had been near me. Never was vision more perfect. Watch the embers, and you will agree that there are beautiful things there, and that unless one was blind one need never be weary by the fire. Listen especially to the little whistling that comes out of the embers like a voice of song. Nothing can be sweeter or purer; it is like the singing of some tiny spirit of the fire. There, my dear, are my evenings and their delights; add sleep, which is not the slightest."—*Ibid.* pp. 16, 17.

Lovely, too, is her account of the walk to the midnight mass at Christmas, on a frosty night, "the paths bordered with little bushes as white as if they were in blossom. Hoarfrost makes beautiful flowers. We saw such a pretty spray, that we wanted to present it as a bouquet to the Holy Sacrament, but it melted in our hands."—(P. 29.)

To her the most ordinary affairs of life bore a sort of halo, half of poetry, half of eternity. She records the putting down a new hearth-stone as an event—"almost like the raising a new altar in a church. Every one goes to look at it, and reckons on spending pleasant hours and a quiet life before this household hearth (for all share it, masters and servants); but who knows? Perhaps I shall be the first to leave it. My mother went soon, and I am said to be like her."—(P. 36.) When she hems her sheets, she thinks, "I may be sewing my shroud," and works not less cheerfully, but with deeper feeling; and even in a foot-bath her recoil from over-heated water sets her thinking of the martyrs, and wondering what she should have done in Blandina's place: "Like her, without doubt, for faith renders us superhuman; and I be-

lieve that I do believe well (*et je crois bien croire*).”—(P. 159.) Washing—not our laundry and wash-tub, but the poetical laving in the stream—is a special treat to her fancy—“so pretty to spread white linen on the grass, or see it floating upon ropes. One is, if one please, Homer’s Nausicaa, or one of those scriptural princesses who washed their brothers, tunics. We have a pool (*lavoir*) at Moulinasse which you have not seen, which embellishes the hollow and attracts birds to sing there in the freshness.”—(P. 127.) And again, writing with a cool hand fresh from the stream, she tells of the pleasure of watching its current—“the bath of birds, the mirror of the sky, the image of life, a flowing pathway, the reservoir of Baptism.”

She truly says of herself, that she has a soul that takes infinite delight in the homeliest ways, and when finding her contemplations carry her beyond her depth, is relieved by her needle, her distaff, or talking to her dogs. “I take my distaff, and instead of the lady of the seventeenth century, I am the simple rustic girl.” But it was on one side intellect, on the other religion, that gave this exquisite charm to the daily tasks of life, and made dull, lonely Le Cayla a paradise. It would be endless to give the extracts where her love for all living things shines out, her thanksgiving of the beauty and gentleness of lambs, her love of her dogs, her doves, her linnet; even her converse with a tiny little black midge that ran across her paper, and set her thinking of her own littleness in the eyes of God. The nightingale and the grasshopper are her musicians, and their first notes of the season are always set down as great events; and one of her poems is on her childish prayer that the nests of little birds might be guarded, and the young ones saved from suffering.

For Eugénie, though her best poetry is unconscious and in prose, was also led into versification, and much enjoyed it. She sent a most sweet poem on her pleasures to the wife of Hippolyte de Morvonnais, who had begged to know what she liked; and she had a vision of a book of poetry for children, for which she had written a poem on the Angel of Playthings—very pretty, but to our ideas hardly reverent; though to her simple mind it was an emanation of that love which brought her heaven so near her earth. Other poems seem to have been written on the spur of the moment, and sent to the friend who had

begged for them as a consolation, but she always had scruples as to whether they were a waste of time; and finally, just as the nuns of Port Royal decided that this talent would not be required of Jacqueline Pascal, she made a renunciation of poetry. A dateless fragment records the resolution, saying that the sacrifice was the more difficult, as, though she forsook poetry, poetry had not forsaken her; she never had so many inspirations as when she was forced to stifle them. “My life is for God and my neighbor,” she goes on, “and one word of the catechism taught to little children is better for my salvation than a volume of poetry.” Quaintly enough she added later, “This last is true, but up above there are some little poetical falsehoods.” Both the resolution and its comment were, however, probably made later in life than the period we are at present engaged with. Eugénie’s cultivation of mind was remarkable, if we may be allowed the expression, rather for quality than quantity. She knew no language but her own and the *patois*,—the real Languedoc, be it remembered,—but in writing she was a perfect mistress of the one, and the other was evidently loved for its rural associations. She had no accomplishment except singing her native *patois* melodies; and her reading was the more thorough, intent, and meditative, because her books were few, and new ones far between. She gives a list of her own library, chiefly of devotional books, with the lives of the Saints, which she read regularly every day, and often commented upon. Out of her twenty-two secular books, besides translations of the “Æneid,” the “Georgics,” and *I Promessi Sposi*, there are six English books—“Ossian,” a selection from Shakspeare, “The Vicar of Wakefield,” Sterne’s “Sentimental Journey,” “Old Mortality,” and “Redgauntlet.” “Scott,” she says, “is the only novelist I relish. His style sets him apart from others and far above them. He is a man of genius—perhaps, the most complete, and always pure. He may be opened at haphazard, and no corrupting word will shock the eye” (*Lamartine*). With him love is a thread of white silk, by which to tie his dramas together.” Of Madame de Stael’s “Delphine,” she says, in contrast, “The little I have seen of it bodes ill, and there is something traitorous in it. It is talking virtue; it is leading her out on the field of battle in a captain’s epaulettes, to

shoot at her with all Cupid's arrows." (P. 441.)

But though little gems of criticism are wrought in the journal and letters, Eugénie's life was not literary, and the interest of her remains lies chiefly in the alchemy that extracted gold from the most common objects, and brought out poetical stores from the peasants with whom she held intercourse. A legend which she gives is so strange in its wild, superstitious sadness that we cannot resist extracting it:—

"You will like to hear that I have just passed a nice quarter of an hour on the terrace-steps, sitting by a poor old woman who was singing me a lamentable ballad on an incident that once happened at Cabuzac. It was *à propos* to a gold cross that has been stolen off the Holy Virgin's neck. The old woman recollects her grandmother's telling her she had heard that there had been a still more sacrilegious robbery in the same church; namely, of the host itself, one day when it was left alone in the church. It was a girl who, while everybody was at harvest, went to the altar, and, climbing upon it, put the monstrance into her apron, and placed it under a wild rose in the wood. The shepherds who found it accused her, and nine priests came in procession to adore the Holy Sacrament of the rosebush and carry it back to the wood; but the poor shepherdess was taken, tried, and condemned to be burned. Just before her death she asked to confess, and owned her theft to the priest, saying that she was not a thief, but she wanted to have the Holy Sacrament in the forest. 'I thought that "*le bon Dieu*" would be as well pleased under a rosebush as on the altar.' At these words an angel descended from heaven to announce her pardon and console the guilty saint, who nevertheless was burned on a pile, of which the wild rose formed the first fagot! There is the story of the beggar, to whom I listened as to a nightingale. I thanked her heartily, and offered her something as a recompense for her ditty, but she would only take flowers. 'Give me a bough of that beautiful lilac.' I gave her four, as large as plumes, and the poor old creature went off, her stick in one hand and her nosegay in the other, and left me her ballad."—P. 60.

This poetical old woman was found by Eugénie in the autumn lying ill in the most abject poverty and desolation, her house a pool of water and dirt, her bed of hemp laid upon her store of potatoes, without fire, bread, or water to drink—"a hundred times worse than a pigsty. I could find no place to put

down my shawl without soiling it, and as it was in my way I hung it on a willow outside the door" (p. 110). She called in help, gave a hand herself, made the poor woman more clean and comfortable, and then sat on a fagot, talking to her of the hope of heaven, and finding that she was perfectly happy.

An undefined wish to enter a convent, become a sister of charity, or to join the missionary sisterhood of St. Joseph in Algiers, was always floating in Eugénie's mind; but she was far too good a daughter to entertain the thought, feeling herself necessary to her father as mistress of his house, though some of the details of management were taken off her hands by Marie, the less gifted, but thoroughly companion sister, who was so entirely one with herself, that when separated for a few days she cannot sleep happily for missing "Mimi's" breathing. Mimi, as she affectionately says, delighted to take Martha's part, and leave her, as much as possible, to the enjoyment of meditation, reading, and writing in her *chambrette*, as she calls her fondly loved little room. The eldest brother, Erembert, or, as she calls him, Eran, lived at home, and assisted his father in the farm, making journeys to the fairs and markets, and being likewise in great request at the country gayeties at Gaillac, etc.—gayeties that by no means reached his sisters; for Eugénie—wonderful as it may sound for one of her nation, only danced once in her life. Erembert does not seem to have been a very congenial person to his brother and sister; he was not intellectual enough for the one, and the other was uneasy about his religious observances. She calls him a complete worldling, and was always anxiously watching for signs of serious thought.

Eugénie's own religious feeling was wrapped into her whole life. Prayer was like breath to her. "To pray is the only way of celebrating everything in the world," she says, on her father's birthday. "Is she weary?" "I remember Fenelon's advice, 'If you are weary, go and tell God that you are weary.'" "Is she joyful?" "I went to mass early; that is my bouquet—prayers are divine flowers." Here is her Good Friday of 1835, to contrast with Maurice's of the previous year:—

"I am come home all embalmed from the moss-chapel at the church where the holy pyx reposes. It is a fair day when it is God's will to rest amid the flowers and perfumes of spring.

We took great pains—Mimi, Rose, the sexton-ess, and myself—in making this Easter sepulchre, aided, as we were, by M. le Curé. I thought, as I made it, of the Last Supper—of the garnished room where Jesus chose to keep the Passover with his disciples, giving himself for the lamb. Oh, what a gift! What can be said of the Eucharist? I cannot tell. One adores, one possesses, one lives, one loves; the speechless soul loses itself in an excess of bliss! I thought of you amid these ecstasies, and would fain have had you beside me at the holy table, as you were three years ago.”—P. 61.

These words strongly recall those of Mr. Isaac Williams:—

“Thy cup with love o’erflows;  
My spirit finds repose;  
I kneel, I bow, and I adore;  
I thank thee, and can do no more.

“I thank thee, dying Lord;  
I thank thee, living Word;  
I thank thee—words cannot reveal—  
Love would herself in thee conceal.”

Eugénie is, in her simple picture of herself, one of the most favorable representations of the practical working of her Church. Accepting all its tenets without doubt or question, her pure spirit receives and dwells upon the gold, and, as it were, ignores the dross. As in the writings of St. François de Sales, it is remarkable how the true devotional life was spent upon the true objects, and how, with all her love and veneration for the saints, and her duteous fulfilment of observances enjoined in their honor, they never seem to intrude between the true inmost heart and the Mediator. Even her “month of Mary” is kept in this wise:—

“We keep our month of Mary in our room before a beautiful image of the Virgin that Françoise gave to Mimi. Above there is a framed Christ, that came to us from our grandmother. Higher up, St. Theresa; and, higher still, the little picture of the Annunciation that you know; so that the eye follows a whole celestial line as soon as it is lifted up; it is a ladder leading to heaven.”—P. 125.

Again:—

“I like these popular devotions, because they are attractive in form, and thus offer easy methods of instruction. One drapes the outside of good truths which appear smiling, and gain the heart in the name of the Virgin and of her mild virtues. I love the month of Mary, and other little amiable observances which the Church permits and blesses, and

which spring up at the feet of faith, like flowers at the foot of the oak.”—P. 264.

She is looking beyond her Madonna all the time, though she does not know it. That imaginative mind is never for one moment resting in the outward form, but passing beyond to what it was intended to convey. In confession, she says, that “we call the priest our father, because faith makes him truly God and father to us. Woe to me if, when I am at his feet, I should see aught but Jesus Christ listening to Magdalen, and forgiving her much, because she loved much. Confession is an expansion of repentance in love” (p. 108). When obliged to confess to a strange priest, of whom she did not think highly, she says, “In this act of religion the man must be always separated from the priest, and sometimes annihilated” (p. 259). It is the most noticeable contrast between this and diaries left by equally religious persons of other communions, that there is almost no self-reproach or accusation. This may partly be because the record was primarily meant as a sort of continuous supplement to her letters to her brother, but likewise, no doubt, because, in the cases we refer to, the diary served one minor purpose of the confessional, and relieved the mind of its outpourings and criticisms of its own doings. No doubt the entire Roman system has a tendency to take people off their own minds—judging for them of the amount and value of their penitence, and taking periodical stock of their progress; so that even with the most humble, sincere, and contrite, there must necessarily be a more entire sense that the repentance has been weighed, and that the past may be left behind. We do not say this is safe or wholesome; but there can be no question that it produces more present ease, and destroys scrupulous self-consciousness and self-tormenting. And with a heart like Eugénie’s, always in the depths of its love straining for holiness, there was no fear of the system leading to its most serious practical peril, “the continuing in sin that grace may abound.” Her great characteristic is that she is an ideal Roman Catholic, taking all the observances of her Church as they are meant, according to their best theory. She has so much light beyond that they are but painted windows to her.

And it is curious that English Roman Catholics have so little perceived the real

tendency of examples, that Eugénie, this speaking example of the real vitality of religion and truth in their Church, was first brought forward merely in her literary character, from an entirely different quarter, whilst her contemporary, M. Vianney, the Curé d'Ars, whose life is more painfully encumbered with absolute superstitions than that of any equally good man we ever met with has been translated, and sent forth with a preface bearing the well-known initials "H. E. M." Good and devoted, sacrificing everything to almsgiving, living a most ascetic life, and revered as a saint by the multitudes who thronged to his confessional, the simple old peasant-priest is like a mediæval monastic saint brought into the glare of the nineteenth century; and when we read of his direct and familiar invocations of saints, his imagination that a relic hidden in his granary made the bins overflow with meal, his strange notions of demoniacal visitations, we feel how utterly Romish his Church has become, and how little we have in common with him; while we can scarcely turn a page of Eugénie's writings without feeling how catholic is her Church, and how much we have still in common.

Eugénie has her superstitions; but they are only on the upper surface of her mind—some, indeed, of her childhood, and remembered playfully; such as her entreaty to the sacred picture over her father's bed, to help her take the stains out of her frock, and to give her doll a soul—the one petition, she observes, that was not granted. She sometimes tells of a supposed miracle, with the comment that "*J'y crois fortexent*;" but the adverb proves that it was but a comparative belief at best.

It does not seem as if Maurice's scepticism made itself fully known to his family till he came home in the June of 1837 to recover from an attack on the lungs, the first commencement of the hereditary complaint that no doubt had already contributed to his constant depression. He was engaged to Caroline de Gervain, a girl of eighteen, the daughter of a family settled in the East Indies, pretty and of good fortune, which the fame and high blood of the young poet were supposed to counterbalance. Letters from India were needed before the marriage could take place; but in the mean time he had a kindly welcome and affectionate care from the

Gervain family when in Paris; but they could give him neither health nor happiness, and he came home in search at least of the first. On his arrival, however, he fell ill of an intermitting fever that lasted three months; and though he was afterwards well enough to enjoy a visit at Le Cayla from Caroline, he went away in the winter with a bad cough, that, Eugénie says, she felt in her own chest, just as Madame de Sevigné felt her daughter's east wind. Anxiety for both the soul and body of her beloved brother had set in. Maurice had lost his openness with her, and though she tried to think his reserve manliness, she felt it sorely (p. 457); and the journal, resumed on his departure, has no longer merely the occasional sadness of the vague yearnings of a young heart towards a better world, but becomes full of forebodings and positive anxieties; the clouds of morning are gathering into the showers of noonday. She loved her brother more than ever, but now with an exceeding pity: "On parting with you I went to the church, where one can weep and pray in comfort. What can you do—you who do not pray when you are sad, when your heart is wounded?"—(P. 147.

None of her letters to him have been preserved, but they were probably in the same tone as the journal, neither arguing nor persuading: "I am not holy enough to convert, nor strong enough to lead you," she said; "God alone can do that. I pray him earnestly to do so, for my happiness is bound up in you." So she wrote on as usual, though now and then a cry would break from the loving heart: "O brothers, brothers, we love you so! If you only knew—if you only could understand what your happiness costs us—by what sacrifices we would purchase it! O my God! let them perceive it—let them not thus easily risk their dear health and their dear soul!"—(P. 163.)

And no doubt her prayers were doing their work, and the effect of her full, undissembled faith and love was telling on him. Still, sadness is far from being her prevailing tone. All the preparations for the marriage put her in high spirits for her brother's sake, and her playfulness is never more apparent than in some of the entries during this period. One day she breaks short off for want of ink, and when she resumes it is after she has received from her brother and his intended a box con-

taining equipments for her proposed visit to Paris for the wedding :—

"August 17th.—Ink at last! I can write! Ink! Joy and life! I was dead for the three days when the circulation of that blood failed me—dead to my writing-book, to you, to confidence! My dear, my heart is full of you—of care—of your happiness—of this parcel—of these dresses—of these flowered mantles, white gloves, little shoes, open-work stockings, and embroidered upper robe—oh, all of it! I see it! I touch it! I wear it! I dress my heart in it a hundred times over ever since it arrived an hour ago! O kind, kind, charming sister! What a rich treasure India had in her for God to give you! What a kind heart! What pleasure in giving pleasure! Never was wedding-present more gladly given, nor more gratefully received! My gratitude runs over, and I cannot speak it! There are things that God only sees and knows. I ask him, the Author of all good things, for every blessing, and for eternal happiness for her. I shall be very happy in my dresses, though my happiness does not consist in dress; but in these there is something sweeter and fairer than appears—something more than vanity; they are the gift of your betrothed—a sister's gift to me. I wrote to her without delay as soon as I had seen them. My heart is yearning to her. I want her to know at once the pleasure she has given to me, and to us all, with her flowers for the altar, her damask cloth, her Virgin, her dresses, and so many pretty and gracious things. How I love her! God bless her!—God, who leaves not the gift of a drop of water without its reward."—P. 233.

This outfit came a few weeks before Eugénie left home for her first visit to Paris, where she spent five months. There is no journal of this period, though not by Maurice's fault, for he presented her with a book, in which he ordered her to record her impressions; but no researches of M. Trebutien have availed to discover it—a great pity, for her clear, simple mind must have had much to work on in such new scenes as were opened to her. We learn, however, from her reminiscences written on the anniversaries, that an exceeding joy awaited her. Maurice did indeed look very ill, and coughed ominously; but the brother she had lost for a year was restored—doubt had cleared from his mind, and he owned again the faith of his boyhood. He went to mass at St. Sulpice with her immediately after their meeting, and the true communion between their spirits was restored, enabling her to bear up through all

that was to follow. Again she recurs, many months after, to her gladness when she went with her brother to the Abbé Legrand to arrange for the marriage, and when, "on approaching the religious matter that brought us, the abbé touched with perfect tact on the Christian preparations, Maurice answered as a man who understands and believes. I was touched, and so was the abbé, perhaps with surprise. I could make a picture of the young priest and the Christian bridegroom at this moment. Maurice was perfect. Beloved brother!"—(P. 393.)

The 16th of November was the wedding-day—a day of which Eugénie only notes down her memories a year after, seen through a mist of tears. All come before her—

"He and his beautiful bride kneeling before the altar; Père Buquet blessing them, and speaking to them of the future; the crowd looking on; the organ; the collection for the poor, that embarrassed me; the signature in the vestry; so many witnesses to that brilliant contract with death; the meeting a hearse outside; the breakfast, when I sat next you, and you said, 'How handsome your brother is!' when he talked so much of his life; the evening; the ball, when I danced for the first and last time—I owe to Maurice things that stand alone; the pleasure of seeing him look happy—of being at his festival and beneath all the joy-wrings of the heart; and that horrible vision of coffins round the drawing-room, placed on those long stools, and their coverings fringed with silver. How frozen I was when, on leaving their room dressed with flowers for the ball, that sight came before me! I shut my eyes."—P. 307.

The person she here addresses is M. d'Aureville, a Parisian friend of her brother, who, like Hippolyte de Morvonnais and all his other intimates, had found there was no friendship for the brother without also including the sister. Her letters seem to have made her already known among his circle, and a welcome was ready for her. She considered herself to be shy, and to find it difficult to talk to strangers; but this could have been only an inward feeling, for every one testifies that her perfect simplicity and refined dignity made her much admired at Paris: if it were not almost profane to say so, she was a decided success. "She had no beauty," as a female friend said of her; "there was enough to love in her without." Her features were absolutely plain, and she

was extremely thin and delicate-looking, but she had speaking dark eyes and an intelligent smile; the hands that washed and spun were fair, slender, and aristocratic; and she had a high-bred look and manner that stamped her as one of the old nobility. She was taken to the grand Parisian dressmakers and equipped there for a career in the Faubourg St. Germain, but it made very little difference in her; she was grateful for kindness from Maurice's friends, or from fellow-Christians; and for the rest, she moved about in a *salon* as much at home as at Le Cayla or Gaillac, and talked to the choicest company in France as easily and calmly as to the curés who dined at her father's castle.

She made many friends; and in the April of 1839 quitted Paris on a course of visits in the country, resuming her journal again, and filling it with her anxieties for her brother's health:—

"How I desire, entreat, and pray for that dear health both of soul and body. I do not know if those are right prayers that one makes with so much human affection, so much wishing what God's will may be! I wish my brother to recover—that is my foundation; but I think it is a foundation of trust, faith, and resignation. Prayer is a submissive wish—Give us our daily bread; deliver us from evil; Thy will be done. Our Saviour in the Garden of Olives did only this—to desire otherwise and to accept."—P. 249.

At least she must have had the comfort of knowing that her brother had found the peace that his perturbed spirit had so long sought in vain. His last extant letter to her, though short and simple, breathed a far more satisfactory spirit than in the days of his health. He is speaking of a visit from Erembert, who had just returned home:—

"Poor Eran! he left me with emotion that touched me greatly. This journey to Paris and all that has occurred has, in a few months, brought together and mingled our lives (Eran's and mine) more than twenty years could have done. We have always lived at a great distance from one another, and our own individual characters did not greatly compensate for the distance. At last, circumstances have hastened what, at the age we have attained, must happen sooner or later, and we have parted, each with an additional feeling in our heart. In truth, good comes out everywhere; it is like a subtle gold-dust, and there is nothing that does not contain some fragment of it.

"I live very quietly under my curtains; and thanks to Caro, to books, and dreams, patiently await the recovery that the sun is to bring me. I enjoy myself in this nearly complete sequestration from the rest of the world; for I am not such an enemy to solitude as you might suppose; and there are in me, very strong in me, tastes and even needs that would not be disowned by the greatest lovers of a country life. I hope God will ripen at the same time both these thoughts and the means of realizing them."—*Maurice*, p. 372.

Maurice had found the gold-dust that had been wanting in the budding trees and bounding waves of Brittany, and thus his letters cheered his sister's heart; though the accounts of him from his wife and friends left her sad, and she could not look at a green leaf without thinking of the saying that when the leaves fall the consumptive die. Yet the heart that found solace everywhere did not fail to gather food of comfort from the very shadows on the wall:—

"The bauteous vision, the admirable figure of Christ that I see upon the wall opposite to my bed, it is fit for a painter's eye. Never did I see a more sublime, more divinely mournful head, with the features that are ascribed to the Saviour. I am struck by it, and admire what is done by my candle behind the handle of a jug of water, the shadow of which frames three flowers on the paper of the room which forms the picture. So the least things form grand ones. Children discovered the telescope—a glass by chance brought the stars near; a bad light and a little shadow on a paper form for me a picture worthy of Rubens or Raphael. *The beautiful is not what we seek, but what comes in our way.* It is really beautiful—more beautiful than anything of the kind I have seen in the Exhibition. What angel has exhibited to me in my solitary room this picture of Jesus, 'for Jesus is precious to the soul, and with him we can want nothing, and nothing can seem difficult?' Well, then, let this picture be useful to me, and aid me in the thought that occupies me."—*Eugénie*, p. 259.

This thought was her already-mentioned reluctance to confess to an unsatisfactory priest, a necessary preparation for a *neuvaine* that was to be made for Maurice's cure. All was in vain. The malady pursued its course, and the summer brought no real improvement. The mild air of his native home was prescribed, and Eugénie accompanied him

and his wife on their way to Le Cayla, the home that he longed for, with ardor that gave him strength for the tedious twenty days' journey, and even to ride for the last few miles, when the roads became too bad for carriages. His appearance shocked the father, brother, and sister who came out to receive him, but he was in a trance of joy at the sight of them and of the steep-roofed Le Cayla, greeted them fondly, and held out his hands to the servants and the reapers who were cutting down the harvest. The pleasure of his return brightened him for a little while, and one day he attempted a little feeble gardening upon the terrace, and said he should do more every day; but it was the last time he ever went into the air. After that he seldom moved from his easy-chair, where he lay back with his eyes closed; while his young wife sung, played, and made every effort to rouse him, but in vain. Sometimes he brightened a little; once he played an air on the piano; he read one volume of "Old Mortality." He was much amused by a newspaper article by M. d'Aureville, and desired Eugénie to write to his friend that he had not laughed so heartily for a long time; and he showed warm gratitude to all, especially to his father, who had been to Gaillac for some medicines in the heat of the day. But he was sinking fast, and on the night of the 18th of July all saw that the end was near. He was fully sensible, and the few words he spoke left lasting comfort with the survivors. The curé came and received his confession, and Eugénie gave him his last earthly food. "I will feed you like a *néné*," she said, using the patois word for a babe; and he replied with a smile. That preparation for his last communion Eugénie calls her compensation for her long months of passive love. After the last rites of the Church, he lay still, pressed the priest's hand, kissed a cross which his wife held to him, and then, amid the kisses of his family, breathed his last, in his twenty-fifth year, on the 19th of July, 1839, eleven days after his return home, eight months after his marriage.

Two days after, Eugénie re-opened her journal, and thus inscribed it:—

"Still to him. To Maurice dead—to Maurice in heaven. He was the glory and the joy of my heart. Oh, how sweet and how full of love is the name of brother!

"July 21st.—No, my dear, death shall

not part us—shall not remove you from my thoughts. Death only separates our bodies; the soul, instead of being there, is in heaven, and the change of abodes takes nothing away from its affections. Far from it, I trust; one loves better in heaven, where all becomes divine."

And thus she goes on talking to him, telling him of the kisses and caresses lavished on his corpse; of the funeral; of the letters that came too late for him; of the weary turmoil of visits of condolence; of his old peasant nurse bringing the cakes and figs he would have enjoyed; of the clear sky, the grasshopper-chirp, the beat of the flail; of her bitter tears, and of the prayers that relieved her grief. Some have said that her sorrow was excessive; but surely that grief is not unchristian which is "regretting, not repining;" which resigns itself perfectly, and is far from being without hope. These conditions fulfilled, the amount of suffering becomes a matter of individual nature, dependent both on the degree of personal loss and the inherent elasticity of the character, just as some constitutions are far more susceptible of physical pain than others.

She wrote on that very first day that her heart was widowed; and so it was for life; but there was thankfulness in all her sorrow. On the 17th of August she writes:—

"I was less a sister than a mother. Do you remember that I compared myself to Monica weeping for her Augustine when we spoke of my afflictions for your soul—that dear soul that was astray? How I entreated for its salvation—prayed, supplicated! A holy priest told me, 'Your brother will return.' Oh, he did return, and then left me for heaven—for heaven, I trust. There were evident signs of grace and mercy in that death. My God, I have more to bless thee for than to complain of."—P. 282.

Some days later:—

"I desire the salvation of all, that all should profit by the redemption that was for all mankind; but the heart has its elect, and for these one has a hundred times more wishes and fears. It is not forbidden. Jesus, hadst not thou thy beloved John, of whom the apostles said that for love's sake thou wouldst not let him die? Let them live always, those whom I love—let them live the everlasting life. Oh, it is for that, not for this place, that I love them! Alas! scarcely do we see one another here. I did but glimpse them, but the soul rests in the soul."—P. 286.

"Should I not love thee, my God, the sole, true, everlasting love? I think I love thee, as the timid Peter said, but not like John, who rested on thy bosom—divine repose, that is wanting to me! What can I seek among created things? Shall I make a pillow of a human breast? Alas! I have seen how death snatches it away. Let me rather lean, O Jesus, upon thy Crown of Thorns." —P. 287.

She who could thus feel surely sorrowed with a blessed sorrow.

"The lurid mist,  
That deems the faithful suffering still  
Upon the eternal shore,"

seldom came between her and her comfortable thoughts of Maurice. Her last impression when she saw his embrace of the cross was, that he was gone to Paradise; and that belief was almost constantly with her. There is only one entry in her diary of the grievous idea of Maurice calling for aid in his sufferings, and then she hurries to prayer, saying "Prayer is the dew of purgatory."

After the first two months, the journal begins to be addressed to M. d'Aureville, who had begged to be regarded as an adopted brother, and to receive her effusions in the same way as Maurice had done. But it was a thing impossible to write to any new-made friend as to the brother whose first baby steps she had guided, and the peculiar simple fragrance of the diary is lost from that time. There are no more fond bits of patois; no more of the poetry of washing, cooking, or spinning; no more such merry records as "nothing passed to-day but two crows." Eran and Mimi lose their pet names; and if anything about the homely neighbors is set down, it is as being curious in itself, not because an eye from the home circle will be gratified by it. We respect Eugénie the more for it, but care less for the journal, though there are still choice passages in it. There she records the account of those last ten days of Maurice's illness; there she describes skies and flowers, and tells of her books,—“few came to Le Cayla, but if they please, they please very much.” And sometimes the habit of writing all that is in her heart carries her away, and she pours out her feelings as if forgetting that she is not writing to Maurice: “This morning, in my prayers, I felt myself borne towards the other life, where he is, where he expects me as he did at Paris. Ah! there we shall see far

other wonders than in these towns in the mud” (p. 302).

She had made many friends; she had “colonies of cousins” whom she dearly loved, and many more of later date loved for Maurice's sake and their own. There is a very pretty passage about her early and more recent friendships:—

“I always stood in need of friendships, and rare *introuvable* ones have come to me, as it were, from heaven, and all first through my brother, the dear Maurice, whom I have lost. Louise dated previously. She is for me of a different flavor, fruit of another season. I met her at seventeen. Her charm is a thing apart, like the age at which we linked ourselves together. Though sadness has come since, we see one another through flowers.” —P. 329.

These friendships, their duties and their correspondence, were a great solace to her; and there is a recovery of cheerfulness visible in the tone of her diary, though no doubt not half so much as there was in her outward life, since she herself regarded it as the vent of those feelings with which she would not oppress her family. One pleasure which she had was the erection of a plain pyramid, with a white marble cross, put up by her brother's widow, in the cemetery of Gaillac; but, alas! it had to be guarded for several nights,—it gave umbrage to the peasantry as contrary to the equality of death. “Once,” says Eugénie, “they would have adored the cross.” A more real happiness came at Easter, at the sight of Erembert, a communicant. “One must be a Christian sister to feel what that means, and the sort of happiness that springs from the hope of heaven for a soul one loves.”

This summer—1840—Maurice's friends made his literary remains known to the world. They were not numerous, the chief being “*Le Centaure*,” a poem in prose, supposed to be the autobiography of a centaur, and embodying the longings for the ecstasies of a free wild life in the bosom of nature, of which Maurice had been full in his three unhappy Parisian years. To us it is difficult to enter into the merit of the “*Centaure*,” but when it came out in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of June, 1840, it was spoken of in the highest terms by Georges Sand, and it was accompanied by some of Maurice's descriptive letters, which placed his poetical powers beyond a doubt, and excited strong enthusiasm. But one section of the literary world, and at

the head of them Georges Sand,—the first to proclaim his genius,—claimed him as among the free-thinkers of the age; and “the stain they placed on his brow,” was in Eugénie’s eyes ill compensated by the honors ascribed to him. Henceforth her chief care was that the world should not admire him without knowing that his belief, if obscured for a time, had returned in full brightness; and to win this recognition of his Christianity was the task of her later life. She wrote letters to his friends, she drew up a short memoir of him to be affixed to an edition of his works, and she remained through all these latter days holding her shield of faith over the remains that the other party would fain have won to themselves. But of herself we know nothing. Her journal was less and less resorted to, and breaks off finally on the last day of 1840, with the characteristic entry, “How sad time is, whether it goes or comes; and how right was the saint who said, ‘Let us throw our hearts into eternity!’”

She lived nine years after her brother, for the last two of which she was sinking under the same complaint; but apparently it laid a gentle hand upon her, for she kept up her usual habits almost to the last—attended to her father, to household cares, and to the neighboring poor; observed her hours for reading and prayer, and in the evening taught the Catechism in the kitchen to any ignorant person who had come to help in the vintage. Of her end we know almost nothing, except that after she had received the last rites of the Church she said to her sister, “Take this key: you will find papers in that drawer, and you will burn them. They are nothing but vanity.”

Eugénie de Guérin died on the 31st of May, 1848, and her father only survived her for six months. Erembert followed two years after; and the sole survivors of this honored house are Mademoiselle Marie de Guérin and a young daughter of Erembert. Caroline, the widow of Maurice, returned to India, married again, and died while still young.

The oft-repeated words of David come before us as we think of Maurice and Eugénie—“They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.” Still, there was no knowing or loving Maurice without carrying on the feeling to Eugénie; and the revelations of herself that she had almost unwittingly made, in the endeavor to show her brother as he really

was, excited a curiosity and interest about her which was partly gratified, after the deaths of her father and brother, by M. d’Aureville, who printed for private circulation a selection of her papers. M. de Sainte Beuve made her the subject of one of his *Causeries de Lundi*, and finally, at the end of fourteen years, Marie de Guérin placed in the hands of M. Trebutien all the papers and journals in her possession. This is the work that the Académie pronounces “*couronnée*,” for its style and for its beneficial tendency. Eugénie, utterly heedless of distinction for herself, has, while seeking it for her brother, received it in double measure.

Maurice, as M. Trebutien truly says, will be far longer remembered as the brother of Eugénie than as the author of the “*Centaure*”; and perhaps he would be content with this subordination, for no brother ever loved sister with a more true and generous love than he bore to

“Ma sœur Eugénie  
Au front pale et doux,”

as he says in a little poem written in Brittany, one stanza of which we cannot forbear quoting, it is so perfect a symbol of the two lives:—

“Elle aimait mes rêves,  
Et j’aimais les siens,  
Divins,  
Et nos heures brèves  
Passaient sans témoin,  
Au sein  
De faire l’échange  
De biens entre nous,  
Si doux;  
Mille rêves d’ange  
Allaient de son sein  
Au mien,  
Quand la feuille grise  
Sous le vent follet  
Roulait.  
‘Vois comme la bise  
Fait de ces débris  
Des bruits,’  
Disait Eugénie,  
Et toutes les fois  
Qu’au bois  
La feuille flétrie  
Au vent qui passait  
Tombait.  
Elle, sans parole,  
Mais levant tout droit  
Son doigt,  
Montrait ce symbole  
Qui dans l’air muet  
Tournait.”

M. de Sainte Beuve has called the remains of Eugénie the book of brothers and sisters. It well deserves the title; but to us it seems that its great lesson is the never-ceasing freshness and charm of “doing all to the glory of God.”

From The Independent.

## MR. BRYANT'S NEW POEMS. \*

THERE lies before us, as we write, a small, thin volume, which bears the imprint of "Boston; printed for the author by E. G. House, No. 5 Court street, 1809." It was the second edition, "corrected and enlarged," of a work whose complete title-page ran in this wise: "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times, a satire, together with the Spanish Revolution and other poems, by William Cullen Bryant." The year 1808 was just fifty-six years ago, six years more than half a century—and nearly two generations of men, as they are commonly reckoned. The writer of that volume had been born on the 3d of November, in the year 1794, and was consequently but thirteen years of age when his first volume was published. It might well have been said of him, as Pope said of himself, that "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and so marked was the merit, so mature the thought, so polished the style, the conception and execution of the various pieces so extraordinary, that when the second edition was called for, the friends of the writer were compelled to prefix the following advertisement to the second edition, to remove the doubts of authenticity which the first volume had raised:—

## "ADVERTISEMENT.

"A doubt having been intimated in *The Monthly Anthology* of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem, in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony—they would prefer that he should be judged by his works, without favor or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it—after which they leave him a candidate for favor in common with other literary adventurers. They therefore assure the public that Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is ena-

\* "Thirty Poems." By William Cullen Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

bled to disclose their names and places of residence.

"February, 1809."

We are not at all surprised that such an assurance was found necessary to dispel the incredulity of the public in regard to the youth of the author. The political views of the volume are naturally those which a lad of quick and fervid sensibilities would catch from the prevailing prejudices and convictions of New Englanders, whose commerce had been deeply injured by the measures of restraint which the Government had seen fit to impose upon trade, and the tone of the poetry recalls those great English satirists who were then in the ascendant in our literature: but there are few other indications in it of immaturity, and many of a rare facility of versification and a ready mastery of language. At this day there is something amusingly *naïve* in the audacity of the little boy of the Hampshire hills sending forth his indignant lines in the hope of arresting the turbulence of faction, and no less in the honest self-confidence in which he invites the criticism of his poetry, with a promise to improve under the lessons of any fair and candid disclosure of his faults. "The first sketch of the following poem," he says in the preface, "was written when the *terapin policy* of our administration, in imposing the embargo, exhibited undeniable evidence of its hostility to commerce, and proof positive that its political character was deeply tinctured with an unwarrantable partiality for *France*. Since that time our political prospects are daily growing more and more alarming,—the thunders of approaching ruin sound longer and louder,—and *faction* and *falsehood* exert themselves with increasing efforts to accelerate the downfall of our country. The author has, therefore, thought proper to revise, enlarge, and lay this second edition of the *Embargo* before the American public." That was probably the first political leader ever written by the hand which has since written so many—the first butt of the hornless head against public wrongs and abuses, which was destined to toss them high in the air in after-years! In the same preface the writer speaks of his literary pretensions in this wise: "Should the candid reader find anything in the course of the work sufficiently interesting to arrest his attention, it is presumed he will not grudge the trouble of laboring through a few 'in-

equalities,' a few 'flat and prosaic passages.' . . . The writer of these poems is far from thinking that all his errors are expunged, or all his faults corrected. Indeed, were that the case, he is suspicious that the 'composition' would cease to be his own. *Fair criticism* he does not deprecate. He will consider the ingenious and good-natured critic as a kind of schoolmaster, and will endeavor to profit by his lesson."

Modest for a boy of thirteen, shall we say? Yes; but with a very decided undercurrent of conscious genius.

In addition to the vigorous satire on the Embargo, this volume contained a no less vigorous appeal, in heroic couplets, in behalf of the Spanish revolution, or the efforts of the Spanish patriots in resistance to the despotism of Bonaparte; a graceful ode to the Connecticut River; the "Reward of Literary Merit," a story which recounts the glory and disappointment of the literary life; several enigmas, of which we select one as both proper to these times and a specimen of the young author's skill:—

"The son of war, in brazen armor bound,  
Black is my throat as midnight, and profound;  
From my dark entrails forced, with startling  
    roar,  
Wide-rolling clouds and swift-winged death I  
    pour."

Then follow "The Contented Ploughman," a song; "The Drought," a poem descriptive of the scorching heats of summer, in which we note several peculiarities of the writer's more matured style; and finally, a "Translation from Horace." As the original is well known to all scholars,—it is the 22d *carmen* of the 1st book addressed to *Aristius Fuscus*,—we append this easy and graceful rendering, as perhaps, the best evidence of the precocious powers of the author that we could select:—

"The man whose life, devoid of guile,  
Is pure from crimes and passions vile,  
Needs not the aid of Moorish art,  
The bow, the shaft, the venom'd dart.

"Whether he tempt the scorching blast,  
Through Lybian sands, a trackless waste;  
Rude frosty Caucasus explores  
Or treads Hydaspes' golden shores.

"For late through Sabine woods I roved,  
Remote, and sung the girl I loved,  
Careless, unarmed,—with nimble tread,  
A hideous wolf before me fled.

"In warlike Daunia's spacious wood,  
Ne'er monster prowled of fiercer brood;  
Such Mauritania never bore,  
Where hungry lions bark and roar.

"Place me where never genial breeze  
Awakes the flowers, revives the trees;  
Where lowering clouds the skies deform,  
And angry Jove impels the storm;—

"Place me where Sol with scorching rays  
Reflects intolerable blaze,—  
There shall the *fair* reward my toils,  
Who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles."

When most boys have as yet scarcely opened their Latin *Accidence*, this youth was turning Horace's pretty prattle about his *Lalage* into such sweet lines as these!

We have dwelt upon this first volume of Mr. Bryant as a fitting prelude to another volume before us, the title of which is before quoted. He is now in his seventieth year, and after a life of almost incessant intellectual labor, in one of the most exacting and laborious of professions, he comes before us—the patriarch of our literature—in an aspect quite as extraordinary as that in which he originally presented himself to the world. With eye undimmed—with faculties unworn—with heart still eager and hopeful—at a period of life when, to most men, if the golden bowl be not yet broken at the fountain, or the silver chord be loosed, the grasshopper at least has become a burden; he flings into our laps "Thirty Poems," mostly new and all excellent. The long interval which has elapsed between his earliest and his latest publication has been filled with the evidences of an unflagging poetic activity. Not a year has passed in which we have not been delighted, and made better by some product of his genius, always fresh and always ripper and richer. No great poem—using the word "great" in the sense of size—has illustrated his career—no mighty epic flight, no grand dramatic masterpiece, no long narrative of heroic deeds, or of crime and sorrow and woe—and yet that career is wreathed and festooned along its entire path by poems which are great in the sense of surpassing loveliness and perfection. It has been the singular felicity of Mr. Bryant that he has done whatever he has done with consummate finish and completeness. If he has not, as the critics often tell us, the comprehensiveness or philosophic insight of Wordsworth, the weird fancy of Coleridge, the gorgeous diction of Keats, the exquisite subtlety of

Tennyson, he is, nevertheless, the one among all our contemporaries who has written the fewest things carelessly, and the most things well. His wastes of arid sand do not threaten to swallow up his oases of verdure and bloom. He is all parterre or meadow, where there are few weeds and innumerable flowers. Other poets have written thousands of lines which, when Bacon's "few years be past by," no one will read. Bryant has written few or none. Recall any of his pieces—"Thanatopsis," "The Forest Hymn," "The Past," "The Evening Wind," "Monument Mountain," "Green River," "The Death of the Flowers," etc.—and you will note that each one is perfect in its kind, and that each one of itself would have made a reputation for a poet. Let us suppose that there had come down to us, from the English literature of former centuries, some verses like those "To the Waterfowl":—

"Whither, midst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of  
day,  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?"

and that the author had written no other, would not his name shine like a star in the night? Would not that single piece, like the one or two fragments of Sappho, or the "Burial of Sir John Moore" by Wolfe, have given him of itself some claim to immortality? Yet, the true measure of Bryant's greatness is that he has written twoscore at least of pieces of which any one would have wreathed a deathless halo around his head. In all of them we are impressed by the same absolute truth of tone and manner—the same chastity of thought and word—the same easy and pliant grace of movement—the same deep and grave and yet tender and almost plaintive spirit of humanity.

It is admitted, we believe universally, that as a poet of Nature Mr. Bryant stands without a rival. No one has celebrated her as he has in all her changeful aspects of beauty and grandeur. Her skies, her seas, her woods, her winds, her rains, her rivers, her snows, her flowers, have been his perpetual inspiration. Every mood of her face, solemn or smiling, is known to him, and known to him lovingly, to his inmost heart as well as to his external sensibilities. He has made this fine dwelling-place of ours infinitely lovelier to all of us by the charms with which he has in-

vested its forms and by the gentle lessons which he has taught us to read in all its fair vicissitudes. For he is the poet of Nature, not the mere painter; he does not only depict her colors and shapes, giving us the landscape; he hears her mysterious voices, and he imparts to us some faint echo of those supernatural melodies. Could any but a poet who had looked into the deepest heart both of nature and of man, have so interpreted "The Voice of Autumn" as in that poem which has these stanzas?

"There comes from yonder height  
A soft repining sound,  
Where forest leaves are bright  
And fall, like flashes of light,  
To the ground.

"It is the autumn breeze  
That, lightly floating on,  
Just skims the weedy leas,  
Just stirs the glowing trees,  
And is gone.

"He moans, by sedgy brook,  
And visits, with a sigh,  
The last pale flowers that look  
From out their sunny nook  
At the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Mourn'st thou thy homeless state,  
O soft repining wind?  
That early seek'st and late  
The rest it is thy fate  
Not to find.

"Not on the mountain's breast,  
Not on the ocean's shore,  
In all the east and west;—  
The wind that stops to rest  
Is no more.

"By valleys, woods, and springs,  
No wonder thou shouldst grieve  
For all the glorious things  
Thou touchest with thy wings  
And must leave."

Now, if there be in the wide range of our English literature anything more delicate and sweet than this, more complete as a work of art, every line swaying with the breeze it describes, and at the same time more infinitely tender, we cannot tell where to look for it unless it be in the pages of the same author.

This new volume, let us say, gives us not only the old touches of the master, but reveals him to us in a somewhat new light. In the "Life that Is" we have a most beautiful pendant to "The Future Life," which has

long since taken its place as among his finest works; in the "Constellations" and "The Night Journey of a River" we recognize the stately and solemn mood of the writer of "Thanatopsis;" and in various iambs we note the same chaste and graceful art that has delighted us for so many years; but it will be new to most readers of his Translation of the Fifth Book of Homer's *Odyssey* that he has provoked a most favorable comparison with Cowper, by rendering Homer with equal fidelity at least, and far greater simplicity and attractiveness; and it will also be new to most readers to find two exquisite idyls, if they may be so called, "Sella" and the "Little People of the Snow,"—the longest and most elaborate poems that he has ever written. In these, with a delicacy of fancy which is like the tracery of frost-crystal, and with a fineness of feeling that Tennyson has never surpassed, he leads us into wholly new realms of faëry. We wish we could tell our readers his strangely wild and romantic legend of the maiden who, aided by the magic slippers,—

"— entered the great deep, and passed below  
His billows, into boundless spaces, lit  
With a green sunshine;"

What strange growths she saw in the  
mighty groves of the ocean valleys:—

"— the pretty coralline,  
The dulse with crimson leaves, and, streaming  
far,  
Sea-thong and sea-lace;"

and what wonderful adventures befell her; but we must not spoil the interest of the whole by any meagre outline. Neither shall we disclose the interviews of the lovely little Eva with the sprites of the snow in their glittering palaces, beneath the gleaming northern lights, further than to say that it is one of the prettiest and tenderest of inventions, as charmingly told as it is delicately conceived. Perhaps, however, the shorter piece, entitled "A Day-Dream," which is a vision of the sea-nymphs of the Italian coasts, will find most numerous admirers, because of the magnificent pictures contained in the earlier stanza and the quiet pathos of the close. We must stop here at once, or we shall go on to name nearly every piece in the volume.

Yet we cannot close this rapid reference to the volume without adding, that it is a great consolation to us to know that he who is the first poet of his country is also to be regarded,

on many accounts, as its first citizen. Those who worship Genius are often obliged to qualify that worship by many a sad regret, and many a heavy sob; but in this case, the sentiment of admiration and love may go forth almost unstinted. The life and character of the artist are as pure and transparent as his writings, which is but saying, indeed, that his poems are but the honest expression of his inmost soul. The sweet, tender, thoughtful, and majestic spirit which breathes throughout his verse is the spirit which inspires the man. In all his personal relations—we are told—his friends revere always the same truthfulness, earnestness, hopefulness, and large, many-sided charity, chastened by a rigid sense of justice. If he does not always "sing, as the birds sing among the leafy branches," spontaneously and joyfully, he sings what the Lord of nature puts it into his heart to sing—what he feels and knows to be the inmost truth of every reflective and loving human existence. He is accused of coldness—and to a limited extent the accusation is well brought; yet, not to speak of the mild and genial human associations which he weaves into all the soft changes and successions of internal nature, who shall say that the writer of "The Future Life," "The Conqueror's Grave," "The Old Man's Funeral," "The Return of Youth," and "The Battle-field," is not warm and glowing with the deepest human sympathies? With the more violent human passions—with pride and ambition and even love—with the action of man in the turbulence and turmoil of our stormy, social battle—he exhibits no fellow-feeling; we almost deplore the want of it as we read his faultless periods, full of admiration; but we should remember that the function of the poet of Nature is not to describe her in her angry and desolating aspects, but to reveal her infinite loveliness and beneficence; to invoke the sweet influences by which she ministers to the healing of our perturbed and diseased minds, and to lift our souls, through the loving meditation of her outward splendors and beauties, to the perception of those inward splendors and beauties in which we shall see her, as the "visible garment of God," the glorious symbol of that spiritual realm; more effulgent, more lovely, more gentle, more majestic, where all the true and noble and just shall breathe

"An ampler ether, a diviner air."

## PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXV.

MR. WENTWORTH got up very early the next morning. He had his sermon to write, and it was Saturday, and all the events of the week had naturally enough unsettled his mind, and indisposed him for sermon-writing. When the events of life come fast upon a man, it is seldom that he finds much pleasure in abstract literary composition, and the style of the Curate of St. Roque's was not of that hortatory and impassioned character which sometimes gives as much relief to the speaker as excitement to the audience. So he got up in the early sweetness of the summer morning, when nobody but himself was astir in the house, with the sense of entering upon a task, and taking up work which was far from agreeable to him. When he came into the little room which he used as a study, and threw the window open, and breathed the delicious air of the morning, which was all thrilling and trembling with the songs of birds, Mr. Wentworth's thoughts were far from being concentrated upon any one subject. He sat down at his writing-table and arranged his pens and paper, and wrote down the text he had selected; and when he had done so much, and could feel that he had made a beginning, he leaned back in his chair, and poised the idle pen on his finger, and abandoned himself to his thoughts. He had so much to think about. There was Wodehouse under the same roof, with whom he had felt himself constrained to remonstrate very sharply on the previous night. There was Jack, so near, and certainly come to Carlingford on no good errand. There was Gerald, in his great perplexity and distress, and the household at home in their anxiety; and last, but worst of all, his fancy would go fluttering about the doors of the sick-chamber in Grange Lane, longing and wondering. He asked himself what it could be which had raised that impalpable wall between Lucy and himself—that barrier too strong to be overthrown, too ethereal to be complained of; and wondered over and over again what her thoughts were towards him—whether she thought of him at all—whether she was offended, or simply indifferent? a question which any one else who had observed Lucy as closely could have solved without any difficulty, but which, to the modest and true love of the Perpetual Curate, was at present the grand doubt of all the doubts in the uni-

verse. With this matter to settle, and with the consciousness that it was still only five o'clock, and that he was at least one hour beforehand with the world, it is easy to understand why Mr. Wentworth mused and loitered over his work, and how, when it was nearly six o'clock, and Sarah and the cook were beginning to stir from their sleep, there still remained only the text written upon the sermon-paper, which was so nicely arranged before him on the table. "When the wicked man turneth away from the evil of his ways and doeth that which is lawful and right." This was the text; but sitting at the open window, looking out into the garden, where the birds, exempt, as they seemed to think, for once from the vulgar scrutiny of man, were singing at the pitch of all their voices as they prepared for breakfast; and where the sweet air of the morning breathed into his mind a freshness and hopefulness which youth can never resist, and seduced his thoughts away from all the harder problems of his life to dwell upon the sweeter trouble of that doubt about Lucy,—was not the best means of getting on with his work. He sat thus leaning back—sometimes dipping his pen in the ink, and hovering over the paper for two or three seconds at a time, sometimes reading over the words, and making a faint effort to recall his own attention to them; for, on the whole, perhaps, it is not of much use getting up very early in the morning when the chief consequence of it is, that a man feels he has an hour to spare, and a little time to play before he begins.

Mr. Wentworth was still lingering in this peaceful pause, when he heard, in the stillness, hasty steps coming down Grange Lane. No doubt it was some workmen going to their work, and he felt it must be nearly six o'clock, and dipped his pen once more in the ink; but, the next moment paused again to listen, feeling in his heart a strange conviction that the steps would stop at his door, and that something was going to happen. He was sure of it, and yet somehow the sound tingled upon his heart when he heard the bell ring, waking up echoes in the silent house. Cook and Sarah had not yet given any signs of coming down-stairs, and nobody stirred even at the sound of the bell. Mr. Wentworth put down his pen altogether, and listened with an anxiety which he could scarcely account for—knowing, as he said to himself, that it must

be the milk, or the baker, or somebody. But neither the milk nor the baker would have dared to knock and shake and kick the door as the new arrivals were doing. Mr. Wentworth sat still as long as he could, then he added to the din they were making outside by an indignant ring of his own bell; and, finally getting anxious, as was natural, and bethinking himself of his father's attack and Mr. Wodehouse's illness, the curate took the matter into his own hands, and hastened down-stairs to open the door. Mrs. Hadwin called to him as he passed her room, thinking it was Sarah, and begging, for goodness gracious' sake, to know directly what was the matter; and he felt himself growing agitated as he drew back the complicated bolts, and turned the key in the door, which was elaborately defended, as was natural. When he hurried out into the garden, the songs of the birds and the morning air seemed to have changed their character. He thought he was about to be summoned to the death-bed of one or other of the old men upon whom their sons had brought such misery. He was but little acquainted with the fastenings of the garden-door, and fumbled a little over them in his anxiety. "Wait a moment and you shall be admitted," he called out to those outside, who still continued to knock; and he fancied, even in the haste and confusion of the moment, that his voice caused some little commotion among them. Mr. Wentworth opened the door, looking anxiously out for some boy with a telegram, or other such mournful messenger; but to his utter amazement was nearly knocked down by the sudden plunge of Elsworthy, who entered with a spring like that of a wild animal, and whose face looked white and haggard as he rushed in. He came against the curate so roughly as to drive him a step or two farther into the garden, and naturally aroused somewhat sharply the temper of the young man, who had already begun to regard him with disagreeable sensations as a kind of spy against himself.

"What in the world do you want at such an early hour in the morning?" cried Mr. Wentworth—"and what do you mean by making such a noise? Is Mr. Wodehouse worse? or what has happened?" for to tell the truth, he was a little relieved to find that the two people outside both belonged to Car-

lingford, and that nowhere was there any visible apparition of a telegraph boy.

"Don't trifle with me, Mr. Wentworth," said Elsworthy. "I'm a poor man; but a worm as is trodden upon turns. I want my child, sir! give me my child! I'll find her out if it was at the end of the world. I've only brought down my neighbor with me as I can trust," he continued, hoarsely—"to save both your characters. I don't want to make no talk; but if you do what is right by Rosa, neither me nor him will ever say a word. I want Rosa, Mr. Wentworth. Where's Rosa? If I had known as it was for this you wanted her home! But I'll take my oath not to make no talk," cried the clerk with passion and earnestness, which confounded Mr. Wentworth—"if you'll promise to do what's right by her, and let me take her home."

"Elsworthy, are you mad!" cried the curate—"is he out of his senses? Has anything happened to Rosa? For Heaven's sake, Hayles, don't stand there like a man of wood, but tell me if the man's crazy, or what he means!"

"I'll come in, sir, if you've no objection, and shut the door not to make a talk," said Elsworthy's companion, Peter Hayles the druggist. "If it can be managed without any gossip it'll be best for all parties," said this worthy, shutting the door softly after him. "The thing is, where's Rosa, Mr. Wentworth? I can't think as you've got her here."

"She's all the same as my own child!" cried Elsworthy, who was greatly excited. "I've had her and loved her since she was a baby. I don't mean to say as I'd put myself forward to hurt her prospects if she was married in a superior line o' life; but them as harms Rosa has me to reckon with," he said, with a kind of fury which sat strangely on the man. "Mr. Wentworth, where's the child? God forgive you both! you've given me a night o' weeping; but if you'll do what's right by Rosa, and send her home in the mean time—"

"Be silent, sir!" cried the curate. "I know nothing in the world about Rosa. How dare you venture to come on such an errand to me? I don't understand how it is," said the young man, growing red and angry, "that you try so persistently to connect this

child with me! I have never had anything to do with her, and I will not submit to any such impertinent suspicion. Leave my house, sir, immediately, and don't insult me by making such inquiries here!"

Mr. Wentworth was very angry in the first flush of his wrath. He did not think what misery was involved in the question which had been addressed to him, nor did he see for the moment the terrible calamity to Rosa which was suggested by this search for her. He thought only of himself, as was natural, at the first shock—of the injurious and insulting suspicion with which he seemed to be pursued, and of the annoyance which she and her friends were causing him. "What do you mean by rousing a whole household at this hour in the morning?" cried Mr. Wentworth, as he saw, with vexation, Sarah, very startled and sleepy, come stealing round by the kitchen-door.

"You don't look as if you had wanted any rousing," said Elsworthy, who was too much in earnest to own the curate's authority. "She was seen at your door the last thing last night, and you're in your clothes, as bright as day, and awaiting for us afore six o'clock in the morning. Do you think as I've shut my eyes because it's my clergyman?" cried the injured man, passionately. "I want my little girl—my little Rosa—as is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone! If Mr. Wentworth didn't know nothing about it, as he says," cried Elsworthy, with sudden insight, "he has a feelin' heart, and he'd be grieved about the child; but he aint grieved, nor concerned, nor nothing in the world but angry; and will you tell me there aint nothing to be drawn from that? But it's far from my intention to raise a talk," said the clerk, drawing closer and touching the arm of the Perpetual Curate; "let her come back, and if you're a man of your word, and behave honorable by her, there sha'n't be nothing said in Carlingford. I'll stand up for you, sir, against the world."

Mr. Wentworth shook off his assailant's hand with a mingled sense of exasperation and sympathy. "I tell you, upon my honor, I know nothing about her," he said. "But it is true enough I have been thinking only of myself," he continued, addressing the other. "How about the girl? When was she lost? and can't you think of any place she can have gone to? Elsworthy, hear rea-

son," cried the curate, anxiously. "I assure you, on my word, that I have never seen her since I closed this garden-gate upon her last night."

"And I would ask you, sir, what had Rosa to do at your garden-gate?" cried the clerk of St. Roque's. "He aint denying it, Hayles; you can see as he aint adenyng of it. What was it as she came for but you? Mr. Wentworth, I've always had a great respect for you," said Elsworthy. "I've respected you as my clergyman, sir, as well as for other things; but you're a young man, and human nature is frail. I say again as you needn't have no fear for me. I aint one as likes to make a talk, and no more is Hayles. Give up the girl, and give me your promise, and there aint a man living as will be the wiser; Mr. Wentworth—"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" cried the curate, furious with indignation and resentment. "Leave this place instantly! If you don't want me to pitch you into the middle of the road, hold your tongue and go away! The man is mad," said Mr. Wentworth, turning towards the spectator, Hayles, and pausing to take breath. But it was evident that this third person was by no means on the curate's side.

"I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Hayles, with a blank countenance. "It appears to me, sir, as it's an awkward business for all parties. Here's the girl gone, and no one knows where. When a girl don't come back to her own 'ome all night, things looks serious, sir; and it has been said as the last place she was seen was at your door."

"Who says so?" cried Mr. Wentworth.

"Well—it was—a party, sir—a highly respectable party—as I have good reason to believe," said Hayles, "being a constant customer—one as there's every confidence to be put in. It's better not to name no names, being at this period of the affair."

And at that moment, unluckily for Mr. Wentworth, there suddenly floated across his mind the clearest recollection of the Miss Hemmings, and the look they gave him in passing. He felt a hot flush rush over his face as he recalled it. They, then, were his accusers in the first place: and for the first time he began to realize how the tide of accusation would surge through Carlingford, and how circumstances would be patched together, and very plausible evidence concocted

out of the few facts which were capable of an inference totally opposed to the truth. The blood rushed to his face in an overpowering glow, and then he felt the warm tide going back upon his heart, and realized the position in which he stood for the first time in its true light.

"And if you'll let me say it, sir," said the judicious Hayles, "though a man may be in a bit of a passion, and speak more strong than is called for, it aint unnatural in the circumstances; things may be better than they appear," said the druggist, mildly; "I don't say nothing against that; it may be as you've took her away, sir (if so be as you have took her away), for to give her a bit of education, or such like, before making her your wife; but folks in general aint expected to know that; and when a young girl is kep' out of her 'ome for a whole night, it aint wonderful if her friends take fright. It's a sad thing for Rosa whoever's taken her away, and wherever she is."

Now Mr. Wentworth, notwithstanding the indignant state of mind which he was in, was emphatically of the tolerant temper which is so curiously characteristic of his generation. He could not be unreasonable even in his own cause; he was not partisan enough, even in his own behalf, to forget that there was another side to the question, and to see how hard and how sad was that other side. He was moved in spite of himself to grieve over Rosa Elsworthy's great misfortune.

"Poor little deluded child," he said, sadly; "I acknowledge it is very dreadful for her, and for her friends. I can excuse a man who is mad with grief and wretchedness and anxiety, and doesn't know what he is saying. As for any man in his senses imagining," said the curate again with a flush of sudden color, "that I could possibly be concerned in anything so base, that is simply absurd. When Elsworthy returns to reason, and acknowledges the folly of what he has said, I will do anything in the world to help him. It is unnecessary for you to wait," said Mr. Wentworth, turning to Sarah, who had stolen up behind, and caught some of the conversation, and who was staring with round eyes of wonder, partly guessing, partly inquiring, what had happened,—“these people want me; go indoors and never mind.”

"La, sir! Missis is aringing all the bells

down to know what 'as 'appened," said Sarah, holding her ground.

This was how it was to be—the name of the Curate of St. Roque's was to be linked to that of Rosa Elsworthy, let the truth be what it might, in the mouths of every maid and every mistress in Carlingford. He was seized with a sudden apprehension of this aspect of the matter, and it was not wonderful if Mr. Wentworth drew his breath hard and set his teeth, as he ordered the woman away, in a tone which could not be disobeyed.

"I don't want to make no talk," said Elsworthy, who during this time had made many efforts to speak; "I've said it before, and I say it again—it's Mr. Wentworth's fault if there's any talk. She was seen here last night," he went on, rapidly, "and afore six o'clock this blessed morning, you, as are never known to be stirring early, meets us at the door, all shaved and dressed; and it aint very difficult to see, to them as watches the clergyman's countenance," said Elsworthy, turning from one to another, "as everything isn't as straight as it ought to be; but I aint going to make no talk, Mr. Wentworth," he went on, drawing closer, and speaking with conciliatory softness; "me and her aunt, sir, loves her dearly, but we're not the folks to stand in her way, if a gentleman was to take a fancy to Rosa. If you'll give me your word to make her your wife honorable, and tell me where she is, tortures wouldn't draw no complaints from me. One moment, sir; it aint only that she's pretty, but she's good as well—she wont do you no discredit, Mr. Wentworth. Put her to school, or what you please, sir," said Rosa's uncle; "me and my wife will never interfere, so be as you make her your wife honorable; but I aint a worm to be trampled on," cried Elsworthy, as the curate, finding him approach very closely, thrust him away with vehement indignation; "I aint a slave to be pushed about. Them as brings Rosa to shame shall come to shame by me; I'll ruin the man as ruins that child. You may turn me out," he cried, as the curate laid his powerful hand upon his shoulder, and forced him towards the door; "but I'll come back, and I'll bring all Carlingford. There sha'n't be a soul in the town as doesn't know. Oh, you young viper, as I thought was a pious clergyman! you may turn me out, but you aint got rid of me. My child—

"where's my child?" cried the infuriated clerk, as he found himself ejected into the road outside, and the doors suddenly closed upon him. He turned round to beat upon it in blind fury, and kept calling upon Rosa, and wasting his threats and arguments upon the calm air outside. Some of the maid-servants in the other houses came out, broom in hand, to the green doors, to see what was the matter, but they were not near enough to hear distinctly, and no early wayfarers had, as yet, invaded the morning quiet of Grange Lane.

Mr. Wentworth, white with excitement, and terribly calm and self-possessed, turned to the amazed and trembling druggist, who still stood inside. "Look here, Hayles," said the curate; "I have never seen Rosa Elsworthy since I closed this door upon her last night. What had brought her here I don't know,—at least, she came with no intention of seeing me,—and I reproved her sharply for being out so late. This is all I know about the affair, and all I intend to say to any one. If that idiot outside intends to make a disturbance, he must do it; I shall take no further trouble to clear myself of such an insane accusation. I think it right to say as much to you, because you seem to have your senses about you," said the curate, pausing, out of breath. He was perfectly calm, but it was impossible to ignore the effect of such a scene upon ordinary flesh and blood. His heart was beating loudly, and his breath came short and quick. He turned away and walked up to the house-door, and then came back again. "You understand me, I suppose?" he said; "and if Elsworthy is not mad, you had better suggest to him not to lose his only chance of recovering Rosa by this vain bluster to me, who know nothing about her. I sha'n't be idle in the mean time," said Mr. Wentworth. All this time Elsworthy was beating against the door, and shouting his threats into the quiet of the morning; and Mrs. Hadwin had thrown up her window, and stood there visibly in her nightcap, trying to find out what the noise was about, and trembling for the respectability of her house,—all which the curate apprehended with that extraordinary swiftness and breadth of perception which comes to men at the eventful moments of life.

"I'll do my best, sir," said Hayles, who felt that his honor was appealed to; "but it's an awkward business for all parties, that's

what it is;" and the druggist backed out in a great state of bewilderment, having a little struggle at the door with Elsworthy to prevent his re-entrance. "There aint nothing to be got out of *him*," said Mr. Hayles, as he succeeded at last in leading his friend away. Such was the conclusion of Mr. Wentworth's morning studies, and the sermon which was to have been half written before breakfast upon that eventful Saturday. He went back to the house, as was natural, with very different thoughts in his mind.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE first thing Mr. Wentworth did was to hasten up-stairs to Wodehouse's room. Sarah had gone before him, and was by this time talking to her mistress, who had left the window, and stood, still in her nightcap, at the door of her own chamber. "It's something about Rosa Elsworthy, ma'am," said Sarah; "she's gone off with some one, which nothing else was to be expected; and her uncle's been araving and araging at Mr. Wentworth, which proves as a gentleman should never take no notice of them shop-girls. I always heard as she was a bad lot."

"O Mr. Wentworth,—if you will excuse my nightcap,"—said Mrs. Hadwin, "I am so shaken and all of a tremble with that noise; I couldn't help thinking it must be a murder at the least," said the little old lady; "but I never could believe that there was anything between you and— Sarah, you may go away; I should like to talk to Mr. Wentworth by myself," said Mrs. Hadwin, suddenly remembering that Mr. Wentworth's character must not be discussed, in the presence of even her favorite maid.

"Presently," said the unhappy curate, with mingled impatience and resignation; and, after a hasty knock at the door, he went into Wodehouse's room, which was opposite, so full of a furious anxiety to question him that he had burst into speech before he perceived that the room was empty. "Answer me this instant," he had cried, "where is Rosa Elsworthy?" and then he paused, utterly taken aback. It had never occurred to him that the culprit would be gone. He had parted with him late on the previous night, leaving him, according to appearances, in a state of sulky half-penitence; and now the first impulse of his consternation was to look in all the corners for the fugitive. The room

had evidently been occupied that night; part of the curate's own wardrobe, which he had bestowed upon his guest, lay about on the chairs, and on a little table were his tools and the bits of wood with which he did his carving. The window was open, letting in the fresh air, and altogether the apartment looked so exactly like what it might have done had the occupant gone out for a virtuous morning walk, that Mr. Wentworth stopped short in blank amazement. It was a relief to him to hear the curious Sarah still rustling in the passage outside. He came out upon her so hastily that Sarah was startled. Perhaps she had been so far excited out of her usual propriety as to think of the keyhole as a medium of information.

"Where is Wode—Mr. Smith?" cried the curate; "he is not in his room—he does not generally get up so early. Where is he? Did he go out last night?"

"Not as I knows of, sir," said Sarah, who grew a little pale, and gave a second glance at the open door. "Isn't the gentleman in his room? He do take a walk in the morning, now and again," and Sarah cast an alarmed look behind to see if her mistress was still within hearing; but Mrs. Hadwin, intent upon questioning Mr. Wentworth himself, had fortunately retired to put on her cap, and closed her door.

"Where is he?" said the curate, firmly.

"Oh, please, sir, I don't know," said Sarah, who was very near crying. "He's gone out for a walk, that's all. O Mr. Wentworth, don't look at me so dreadful, and I'll tell you *hall*," cried the frightened girl, "*hall*—as true as if I was on my oath. He 'as a taking way with him," said poor Sarah, to whom the sulky and shabby rascal was radiant still with the fascinating though faded glory of "a gentleman"—"and he aint one as has been used to regular hours; and seeing as he was a friend of yours, I knew as *hall* was safe, Mr. Wentworth; and, O sir, if you'll not tell *missis*, as might be angry. I didn't mean no harm; and knowing as he was a friend of yours, I let him have the key of the little door."

Here Sarah put her apron to her eyes; she did not cry much into it, or wet it with her tears—but under its cover she peeped at Mr. Wentworth, and, encouraged by his looks, which did not seem to promise any immedi-

ate catastrophe, went on with her explanation.

"He's been and took a walk often in the morning," said Sarah, with little gasps which interrupted her voice, "and come in as steady as steady, and nothing happened. He's gone for a walk now, poor gentleman. Them as goes out first thing in the morning, can't mean no harm, Mr. Wentworth. If it was at night, it would be different," said the apologetic Sarah. "He'll be in afore we've done our breakfast in the kitchen; that's his hour, for I always brings him a cup of coffee. If you hadn't been up not till *your* hour, sir, you'd never have known nothing about it;" and here even Mrs. Hadwin's housemaid looked sharply in the curate's face. "I never knew you so early, sir, not since I've been here," said Sarah; and though she was a partisan of Mr. Wentworth, it occurred even to Sarah that perhaps, after all, Elsworthy might be right.

"If he comes in, let me know immediately," said the curate; and he went to his study and shut himself in, to think it all over with a sense of being baited and baffled on every side. As for Sarah, she went off in great excitement to discuss the whole business with the cook, tossing her head as she went. "Rosa Elsworthy, indeed!" said Sarah to herself, thinking her own claims to admiration quite as well worth considering—and Mr. Wentworth had already lost one humble follower in Grange Lane.

The curate sat down at his table as before, and gazed with a kind of exasperation at the paper and the text out of which his sermon was to have come. "When the wicked man turneth away from the evil of his ways"—he began to wonder bitterly whether that ever happened, or if it was any good trying to bring it about. If it were really the case that Wodehouse, whom he had been laboring to save from the consequences of one crime, had, at the very crisis of his fate, perpetrated another of the basest kind, what was the good of wasting strength in behalf of a wretch so abandoned? Why should such a man be permitted to live to bring shame and misery on everybody connected with him? and why, when noxious vermin of every other description were hunted down and exterminated, should the vile human creature be spared to suck the blood of his friends? Mr. Went-

worth grew sanguinary in his thoughts as he leaned back in his chair, and tried to return to the train of reflection which Elsworthy's arrival had banished. That was totally impossible; but another train of ideas came fast enough to fill up the vacant space. The curate saw himself hemmed in on every side, without any way of escape. If he could not extract any information from Wodehouse, or if Wodehouse denied any knowledge of Rosa, what could he do to clear himself from an imputation so terrible? and if, on the other hand, Wodehouse did not come back, and so pleaded guilty, how could he pursue and put the law upon the track of the man whom he had just been laboring to save from justice, and over whose head a criminal prosecution was impending? Mr. Wentworth saw nothing but misery, let him turn where he would—nothing but disgrace, misapprehension, unjust blame. He divined, with the instinct of a man in deadly peril, that Elsworthy, who was a mean enough man in common circumstances, had been inspired by the supposed injury he had sustained into a relentless demon; and he saw distinctly how strong the chain of evidence was against him, and how little he could do to clear himself. As his miseries grew upon him, he got up, as was natural, and began to walk about the room to walk down his impatience, if he could, and acquire sufficient composure to enable him to wait for the time when Wodehouse might be expected to arrive. Mr. Wentworth had forgotten at the moment that Mrs. Hadwin's room was next to his study, and that, as she stood putting on her cap his footsteps vibrated along the flooring, which thrilled under her feet almost as much as under his own. Mrs. Hadwin, as she stood before her glass smoothing her thin little braids of white hair, and putting on her cap, could not but wonder to herself what could make Mr. Wentworth walk about the room in such an agitated way. It was not by any means the custom of the Perpetual Curate, who, up to the time of his aunts' arrival in Carlingford, had known no special disturbances in his individual career. And then the old lady thought of that report about little Rosa Elsworthy, which she had never believed, and grew troubled, as old ladies are not unapt to do under such circumstances, with all that lively faith in the seductions of "an artful girl," and all that contemptuous pity for "a poor young man,"

which seems to come natural to a woman. All the old ladies in Carlingford, male and female, were but too likely to entertain the same sentiments, which, at least, if they did nothing else, showed a wonderful faith in the power of love and folly common to human nature. It did not occur to Mrs. Hadwin any more than it did to Miss Dora, that Mr. Wentworth's good sense and pride and superior cultivation, were sufficient defences against little Rosa's dimpled cheeks and bright eyes; and with some few exceptions, such was likely to be the opinion of the little world of Carlingford. Mrs. Hadwin grew more and more anxious about the business as she felt the boards thrill under her feet, and heard the impatient movements in the next room; and as soon as she had settled her cap to her satisfaction, she left her own chamber and went to knock, as was to be expected, at Mr. Wentworth's door.

It was just at this moment that Mr. Wentworth saw Wodehouse's shabby figure entering at the garden-gate; he turned round suddenly without hearing Mrs. Hadwin's knock, and all but ran over the old lady in his haste and eagerness. "Pardon me; I am in a great hurry!" cried the curate, darting past her. Just at the moment when she expected her curiosity to be satisfied, it was rather hard upon Mrs. Hadwin to be dismissed so summarily. She went down-stairs in a state of great dignity, with her lace mittens on, and her hands crossed before her. She felt she had more and more reason for doubting human nature in general, and for believing that the Curate of St. Roque's in particular could not bear any close examination into his conduct. Mrs. Hadwin sat down to her breakfast accordingly with a sense of pitying virtue which was sweet to her spirit, notwithstanding that she was, as she would have frankly acknowledged, very fond of Mr. Wentworth; she said "poor young man" to herself, and shook her head over him as she poured out her solitary cup of tea. She had never been a beauty herself, nor had she exercised any overwhelming influence that she could remember over any one in the days of her distant youth: but being a true woman, Mrs. Hadwin believed in Rosa Elsworthy, and pitied, not without a certain half-conscious female disdain, the weakness of the inevitable victim. He did not dare to stop to explain to her what it

meant. He rushed out of her way as soon as he saw she meant to question him. That designing girl had got him entirely under her sway, the poor young man!

Meanwhile the curate without a single thought for his landlady, made a rush to Wodehouse's room. He did not wait for any answer to his knock, but went in not as a matter of policy, but because his eagerness carried him on in spite of himself. To Mr. Wentworth's great amazement Wodehouse was undressing, intending, apparently to return to bed. The shabby fugitive, looking broad and brawny in his shirt sleeves, turned round when he heard the voice with an angry exclamation. His face grew black as he saw the curate at the door. "What the deuce have you to do in my room at this hour?" he growled into his beard. "Is a man never to have a little peace?" and with that threw down his coat, which he still had in his hand, and faced round towards the intruder with sullen looks. It was his nature to stand always on the defensive, and he had got so much accustomed to being regarded as a culprit, that he naturally took up the part, whether there might be just occasion or not.

"Where have you been?" exclaimed the curate; "answer me truly—I can't submit to any evasion. I know it all, Wodehouse: though I can't tell how you have planned it, nor what was your motive, I see the fact clear enough. Where is she? Where have you hid her? If you do not give her up I will give you up to justice. Do you hear me? Where is Rosa Elsworthy? This is a matter that touches my honor, and I must know the truth."

Mr. Wentworth was so full of the subject that it did not occur to him how much time he was giving his antagonist to prepare his answer. Wodehouse was not clever, but he had the instinct of a baited animal driven to bay. There was nothing for it but resistance, and to this he gradually collected his faculties, while the curate poured forth his questions. It was an injudicious proceeding on Mr. Wentworth's part; but he was too much excited and occupied with the matter in question to recollect at the moment which was the more prudent course.

"Rosa Elsworthy?" said the vagabond, "what have I to do with Rosa Elsworthy? A pretty man I should be to run away with a girl! All that I have in the world is a chil-

ling or two, and, by Jove, it's an expensive business, that is. You should ask your brother," he continued, giving a furtive glance at the curate—"it's more in his way, by Jove, than mine."

Mr. Wentworth was recalled to himself by this reply. "Where is she?" he said, sternly,—*"no trifling! I did not ask if you had taken her away. I ask, where is she?"* He had shut the door behind him, and stood in the middle of the room, facing Wodehouse, and overawing him, by his superior stature, force, and virtue. Before the curate's look the eyes of the other fell,—he could not meet the keen gaze that was bent upon him. The rest of his sullen countenance did not alter much, but all kinds of shifting, sidelong looks came from his eyes. He tried to catch Mr. Wentworth unawares, and to read what his face meant, without meeting his look; and failing in that, his furtive eyes made perpetual retreats and escapes, looking everywhere but at his accuser.

"I don't know anything about her," he said at last; "how should I know anything about her? I aint a fool, by Jove, whatever I may be. A man may talk to a pretty girl without any harm. I mayn't be as good as a parson, but, by Jove, I aint a fool," he muttered through his beard. He had begun to speak with a kind of sulky self-confidence; but his voice sank lower as he proceeded. Jack Wentworth's elegant levity was a terrible failure in the hands of the coarser rascal. He fell back by degrees upon the only natural quality which enabled him to offer any resistance. "By Jove, I aint an idiot!" he repeated, with dull obstinacy, and upon that statement made a stand in his dogged, argumentative way.

"Would you like it better if I said you were a villain?" asked the exasperated curate: "where is the girl? I don't want to discuss your character with you. Where is Rosa Elsworthy? She is scarcely more than a child," said Mr. Wentworth, "and a fool, if you like. But where is she? I warn you that unless you tell me you shall have no more assistance from me."

"And I tell you that I don't know," said Wodehouse; and the two men stood facing each other, one glowing with youthful indignation, the other enveloped in a cloud of sullen resistance. Just then there came a soft knock at the door and Sarah peeped in with a

coquettish air, which at no other time in her existence had been visible in the sedate demeanor of Mrs. Hadwin's favorite handmaid. The stranger lodger was "a gentleman," notwithstanding his shabbiness, and he was a very civil-spoken gentleman, without a bit of pride; and Sarah was still a woman, though she was plain and a housemaid. "Please, sir, I've brought you your coffee," said Sarah, and she carried in her tray, which contained all the materials for a plentiful breakfast. When she saw Mr. Wentworth standing in the room and Wodehouse in his shirt-sleeves, Sarah said "La!" and set down her tray hastily and vanished; but the episode, short as it was, had not been without its use to the culprit who was standing on his defence.

"I'm not staying here on my own account," said Wodehouse,—"it's no pleasure to me to be here. I'm staying for your brother's sake and—other people's; it's no pleasure to me, by Jove. I'd go to-morrow if I had my way—but I aint a fool," continued the sulky defendant: "it's of no use asking me such questions, for I don't know. By Jove, I've other things to think of than girls; and you know pretty well how much money I've got," he continued, taking out an old purse and emptying out the few shillings it contained into his hand. When he had thrown them about, out and in, for nearly a minute, he turned once more upon the curate. "I'd like to have a little more pocket-money before I ran away with any one," said Wodehouse, and tossed the shillings back contemptuously. As for Mr. Wentworth, his reasonableness once more came greatly in his way. He began to ask himself whether this penniless vagabond who seemed to have no dash or daring in his character, could have been the man to carry little Rosa away; and, perplexed by this idea, Mr. Wentworth began to put himself into the position of his opponent, and in that character to make appeals to his imaginary generosity and truth.

"Wodehouse," he said, seriously, "look here. I am likely to be much annoyed about this, and perhaps injured. I entreat you to tell me, if you know, where the girl is. I've been at some little trouble for you, be frank with me for once," said the Curate of St. Roque's. Nothing in existence could have prevented himself from responding to such

an appeal, and he made it with a kind of noble absurd confidence that there must be some kindred depths even in the meaner nature with which he had to deal, which would have been to Jack Wentworth, had he seen it, a source of inextinguishable laughter. Even Wodehouse was taken by surprise. He did not understand Mr. Wentworth; but he had been a gentleman once, and a certain vague idea that the curate was addressing him as if he still were "a gentleman as he used to be"—though it did not alter his resolution in any way—brought a vague flush of shame to his unaccustomed cheek.

"I aint a fool," he repeated, rather hastily, and turned away not to meet the curate's eyes. "I've got no money—how should I know anything about her? If I had, do you think I should have been here?" he continued, with a side-long look of inquiry: then he paused and put on his coat, and in that garb felt himself more of a match for his opponent. "I'll tell you one thing you'll thank me for," he said,—“the old man is dying, they think. They'll be sending for you presently. That's more important than a talk about a girl. I've been talked to till I'm sick,” said Wodehouse, with a little burst of irrepressible nature, “but things may change before you all know where you are.” When he had said so much, the fear in his heart awoke again, and he cast another look of inquiry and anxiety at the curate's face. But Mr. Wentworth was disgusted, and had no more to say.

“Everything changes—except the heart of the churl which can never be made bountiful,” said the indignant young priest. It was not a fit sentiment, perhaps, for a preacher who had just written that text about the wicked man turning from the evil of his ways. Mr. Wentworth went away in a glow of passion and indignation and excitement, and left his guest to Sarah's bountiful provision of hot coffee and new-laid eggs, to which Wodehouse addressed himself with a perfectly good appetite, notwithstanding all the events of the morning, and all the mystery of the night.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. WENTWORTH retired to his own quarters with enough to think about for one morning. He could not make up his mind about Wodehouse—whether he was guilty

or not guilty. It seemed incredible that, penniless as he was, he could have succeeded in carrying off a girl so well known in Carlingford as Rosa Elsworthy; and, if he had taken her away, how did it happen that he himself had come back again? The curate saw clearly enough that his only chance for exculpating himself in the sight of the multitude was by bringing home the guilt to somebody else; and in proportion to the utter scorn with which he had treated Elsworthy's insinuations at first, was his serious apprehension now of the danger which surrounded him. He divined all that slander would make of it with the quickened intelligence of a man whose entire life, and reputation dearer than life, were at stake. If it could not be cleared up—if even any investigation which he might be able to demand was not perfectly successful—Mr. Wentworth was quite well aware that the character of a clergyman was almost as susceptible as that of a woman, and that the vague stigma might haunt and overshadow him all his life. The thought was overwhelming at this moment, when his first hopes of finding a speedy solution of the mystery had come to nothing. If he had but lived a century earlier, the chances are that no doubt of Wodehouse's guilt would have entered his mind; but Mr. Wentworth was a man of the present age—reasonable to a fault, and apt to consider other people as much as possible from their own point of view. He did not see, looking at all the circumstances, how Wodehouse *could* be guilty; and the curate would not permit the strong instinctive certainty that he *was* guilty, to move his own mind from what he imagined to be its better judgment. He was thinking it over very gloomily when his breakfast was brought to him and his letters, feeling that he could be sure of nobody in such an emergency, and dreading more the doubt of his friends than the clamor of the general world. He could bear (he imagined) to be hooted at in the streets, if it ever came to that; but to see the faces of those who loved him troubled with a torturing doubt of his truth was a terrible thought to the Perpetual Curate. And Lucy? But here the young man got up indignant, and threw off his fears. He doubted her regard with a doubt which threw darkness over the whole universe; but that she should be able

for a moment to doubt his entire devotion to her, seemed a blindness incredible. No; let who would believe ill of him in this respect, to Lucy such an accusation must look as monstrous as it was untrue. *She*, at least, knew otherwise; and, taking this false comfort to his heart, Mr. Wentworth took up his letters, and presently was deep in the anxieties of his Brother Gerald, who wrote to him as to a man at leisure, and without any overwhelming perplexities of his own. It requires a very high amount of unselfishness in the person thus addressed to prevent a degree of irritation which is much opposed to sympathy; and Mr. Wentworth, though he was very impartial and reasonable, was not, being still young and meaning to be happy, unselfish to any inhuman degree. He put down Gerald's letter, after he had read through half of it, with an exclamation of impatience which he could not restrain, and then poured out his coffee, which had got cold in the mean time, and gulped it down with a sense of half-comforting disgust—for there are moments when the mortification of the flesh is a relief to the spirit; and then it occurred to him to remember Wodehouse's tray, which was a kind of love-offering to the shabby vagabond, and the perfect good order in which *he* had his breakfast; and Mr. Wentworth laughed at himself with a whimsical perception of all that was absurd in his own position, which did him good, and broke the spell of his solitary musings. When he took up Gerald's letter again, he read it through. A man more sympathetic, open-hearted, and unselfish than Gerald Wentworth did not exist in the world, as his brother well knew; but nevertheless, Gerald's mind was so entirely pre-occupied that he passed over the curate's cares with the lightest reference imaginable. "I hope you found all right when you got back, and nothing seriously amiss with Jack," the elder brother wrote, and then went on to his own affairs. All right! Nothing seriously amiss! To a man who felt himself standing on the edge of possible ruin, such expressions seemed strange indeed.

The Rector of Wentworth, however, had enough in his mind to excuse him for a momentary forgetfulness of others. Things had taken a different turn with him since his brother left. He had been so busy with his change of faith and sentiment, that the practical possibilities of the step which he con-

templated had not disturbed Gerald. He had taken it calmly for granted that he *could* do what he wanted to do. But a new light had burst upon him in that respect, and changed the character of his thoughts. Notwithstanding the conviction into which he had reasoned himself, that peace was to be found in Rome and nowhere else, the Rector of Wentworth had not contemplated the idea of becoming simply a Catholic layman. He was nothing if not a priest, he had said, passionately. He could have made a martyr of himself—have suffered tortures and deaths with the steadiest endurance; but he could not face the idea of taking all meaning and significance out of his life, by giving up the profession which he felt to be laid upon him by orders indelible, beyond the power of circumstances to revoke. Such was the new complication to which Gerald had come. He was terribly staggered in his previous resolution by this new doubt, and he wrote to pour his difficulties into the ear of his brother. It had been one of Louisa's relations, appealed to by her in the next access of terror after that in which she had summoned Frank, who, being a practical man, and not moved by much sentiment on the subject, had brought this aspect of the matter before the Rector of Wentworth. Gerald had been studying Canon law; but his English intelligence did not make very much of it; and the bare idea of a dispensation making that right which in itself was wrong, touched the high-minded gentleman to the quick, and brought him to a sudden standstill. He who was nothing if not a priest, stood sorrowfully looking at his contemplated martyrdom,—like Brother Domenico of St. Mark's sighing on the edge of the fiery ordeal into which the Church herself would not let him plunge. If it was so, he no longer knew what to do. He would have wrapped the vestment of the new priesthood about him, though it was a garment of fire; but to stand aside in irksome leisure was a harder trial, at which he trembled. This was the new complication in which Gerald asked his brother's sympathy and counsel. It was a long letter, curiously introspective, and full of self-argument; and it was hard work, with a mind so occupied as was that of the Perpetual Curate, to give it due attention. He put it away when he had done with his cold breakfast, and deferred the consideration of the subject, with a kind of vague hope that the family firmament

might possibly brighten in that quarter at least; but the far-off and indistinct interest with which he viewed, across his own gloomy surroundings, this matter which had engrossed him so completely a few days before was wonderful to see.

And then he paused to think what he was to do. To go out and face the slander which already must have crept forth on its way—to see Elsworthy and ascertain whether he had come to his senses, and try if anything could be done for Rosa's discovery,—to exert himself somehow, in short, and get rid of the feverish activity which he felt consuming him—that was what he longed to do. But, on the other hand, it was Saturday, and Mr. Wentworth was conscious that it would be more dignified, and in better taste altogether, if he went on writing his sermon and took no notice of this occurrence, with which, in reality, he had nothing to do. It was difficult, but no doubt it was best; and he tried it accordingly—putting down a great many sentences which had to be scratched out again, and spoiling altogether the appearance of his sermon-paper. When a message came from Mr. Wodehouse's about eleven o'clock, bringing the news that he was much worse and not expected to live, and begging Mr. Wentworth's immediate presence, the curate was as nearly glad as it was possible for a man to be under the circumstances. He had “a feeling heart,” as even Elsworthy allowed, but in such a moment of excitement any kind of great and terrible event seemed to come natural. He hastened out into the fresh morning sunshine, which still seemed thrilling with life and joy, and went up Grange Lane with a certain sense of curiosity, wondering whether everybody was already aware of what had happened. A long way off a figure which much resembled that of the rector was visible crossing over to Dr. Marjoribanks's door; and it occurred to the curate that Mr. Morgan was crossing to avoid him, which brought a smile of anger and involuntary dislike to his face, and nerved him for any other encounter. The green door at Mr. Wodehouse's—a homely sign of the trouble in the house—had been left unlatched, and was swinging ajar with the wind when the curate came up; and as he went in (closing it carefully after him, for that forlorn little touch of carelessness went to his heart), he encountered in the garden Dr. Marjoribanks and Dr. Rider, who

were coming out together with very grave looks. They did not stop for much conversation, only pausing to tell him that the case was hopeless, and that the patient could not possibly live beyond a day or two at most; but even in the few words that were spoken Mr. Wentworth perceived, or thought he perceived, that something had occurred to lessen him in the esteem of the shrewd old Scotch doctor, who contemplated him and his prayer-book with critical eyes. "I confess, after all, that there are cases in which written prayers are a kind of security," Dr. Marjoribanks said in an irrelevant manner to Dr. Rider when Mr. Wentworth had passed them—an observation at which, in ordinary cases, the curate would have smiled; but to-day the color rose to his face, and he understood that Dr. Marjoribanks did not think him qualified to carry comfort or instruction to a sick-bed. Perhaps the old doctor had no such idea in his mind,—perhaps it was simply a relic of his national Presbyterianism, to which the old Scotchman kept up a kind of visionary allegiance. But whether he meant it or not, Mr. Wentworth understood it as a reproach to himself, and went on with a bitter feeling of mortification to the sick-room. He had gone with his whole heart into his priestly office, and had been noted for his ministrations to the sick and poor; but now his feelings were much too personal for the atmosphere into which he was just about to enter. He stopped at the door to tell John that he would take a stroll round the garden before he came in, as he had a headache, and went on through the walks which were sacred to Lucy, not thinking of her, but wondering bitterly whether anybody would stand by him, or whether an utterly baseless slander would outweigh all the five years of his life which he had spent among the people of Carlingford. Meanwhile John stood at the door and watched him, and of course thought it was very "queer." "It aint as he'd abeen sitting up all night, like our young ladies," said John to himself, and unconsciously noted the circumstance down in his memory against the curate.

When Mr. Wentworth entered the sick-room, he found all very silent and still in that darkened chamber. Lucy was seated by the bedside, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, and looking as if she had not slept for several nights; while Miss Wodehouse, who,

notwithstanding all her anxiety to be of use, was far more helpless than Lucy, stood on the side next the door, with her eyes fixed on her sister, watching with pathetic unserviceableness the moment when she could be of some use. As for the patient himself, he lay in a kind of stupor, from which he scarcely ever could be roused, and showed no tokens at the moment of hearing or seeing anybody. The scene was doubly sad, but it was without the excitement which so often breathes in the atmosphere of death. There was no eager listening for the last word, no last outbreaks of tenderness. The daughters were both hushed into utter silence; and Lucy, who was more reasonable than her sister, had even given up those wistful, beseeching looks at the patient, with which Miss Wodehouse still regarded him, as if perhaps he might be thus persuaded to speak. The nurse whom Dr. Marjoribanks had sent to assist them was visible through an open door, sleeping very comfortably in the adjoining room. Mr. Wentworth came into the silent chamber with all his anxieties throbbing in his heart, bringing life at its very height of agitation and tumult into the presence of death. He went forward to the bed, and tried for an instant to call up any spark of intelligence that might yet exist within the mind of the dying man; but Mr. Wodehouse was beyond the voice of any priest. The curate said the prayers for the dying at the bedside, suddenly filled with a great pity for the man who was thus taking leave unawares of all this mournful-splendid world. Though the young man knew many an ordinary sentiment about the vanity of life, and had given utterance to that effect freely in the way of his duty, he was still too fresh in his heart to conceive actually that any one could leave the world without poignant regrets; and when his prayer was finished, he stood looking at the patient with inexpressible compassion. Mr. Wodehouse had scarcely reached old age; he was well off, and only a week ago seemed to have so much to enjoy; now, here he lay stupefied, on the edge of the grave, unable to respond even by a look to the love that surrounded him. Once more there rose in the heart of the young priest a natural impulse of resentment and indignation; and when he thought of the cause of this change, he remembered Wodehouse's threat, and roused himself from his contemplation of the

dying to think of the probable fate of those who must live.

"Has he made his will?" said Mr Wentworth, suddenly. He forgot that it was Lucy who was standing by him; and it was only when he caught a glance of reproach and horror from her eyes that he recollected how abrupt his question was. "Pardon me," he said; "you think me heartless to speak of it at such a time; but tell me, if you know; Miss Wodehouse, has he made his will?"

"O Mr. Wentworth, I don't know anything about business," said the elder sister. "He said he would; but we have had other things to think of—more important things," said poor Miss Wodehouse, wringing her hands, and looking at Mr. Wentworth with eyes full of warning and meaning, beseeching him not to betray her secret. She came nearer to the side of the bed on which Lucy and the curate were standing, and plucked at his sleeve in her anxiety. "We have had very different things to think of. O Mr. Wentworth, what does it matter?" said the poor lady, interposing her anxious looks, which suggested every kind of misfortune, between the two.

"It matters everything in the world," said Mr. Wentworth. "Pardon me if I wound you—I must speak; if it is possible to rouse him, an effort must be made. Send for Mr. Waters. He must not be allowed to go out of the world and leave your interests in the hands of—"

"Oh, hush, Mr. Wentworth, hush!—oh, hush, hush! Don't say any more!" cried Miss Wodehouse, grasping his arm in her terror.

Lucy rose from where she had been sitting at the bedside. She had grown paler than before, and looked almost stern in her youthful gravity. "I will not permit my father to be disturbed," she said. "I don't know what you mean, or what you are talking of; but he is not to be disturbed. Do you think I will let him be vexed in his last hours about money or anybody's interest?" she said, turning upon the curate a momentary glance of scorn. Then she sat down again, with a pang of disappointment added to her grief. She could not keep her heart so much apart from him, as not to expect a little comfort from his presence. And there had been comfort in his prayers and his looks; but to hear

him speak of wills and worldly affairs by her father's death-bed, as any other man might have done, went to Lucy's heart. She sat down again, putting her hand softly upon the edge of the pillow, to guard the peace of those last moments which were ebbing away so rapidly. What if all the comfort in the world hung upon it? Could she let her kind father be troubled in his end for anything so miserable. Lucy turned her indignant eyes upon the others with silent resolution. It was she who was *his* protector now.

"But it must be done," said Mr. Wentworth. "You will understand me hereafter. Miss Wodehouse, you must send for Mr. Waters, and in the mean time I will do what I can to rouse him. It is no such cruelty as you think," said the curate, with humility; "it is not for money or interest only—it concerns all the comfort of your life."

This he said to Lucy, who sat defending her father. She, for her part, looked up at him with eyes that broke his heart. At that moment of all others, the unfortunate curate perceived, by a sudden flash of insight, that nothing less than love could look at him with such force of disappointment and reproach and wounded feeling. He replied to the look by a gesture of mingled entreaty and despair.

"What can I do?" he cried—"you have no one else to care for you. I cannot even explain to you all that is at stake. I must act as I ought, even though you hate me for it. Let us send for Mr. Waters;—if there is a will—"

Mr. Wentworth had raised his voice a little in the excitement of the moment, and the word caught the dull ear of the dying man. The curate saw instantly that there was comprehension in the flicker of the eyelash and the tremulous movement of the hand upon the bed. It was a new and unaccustomed part which he had now to play; he went hurriedly to the other side and leaned over the pillow to make out the stammering words which began to be audible. Lucy had risen up also and stood looking at her father still with her look of defence. As the feeble lips babbled forth unintelligible words, Lucy's pale face grew sterner and sterner. As for Miss Wodehouse, she stood behind, crying and trembling. "O Mr. Wentworth, do you think it is returning life—do you think he is better?" she cried, looking wistfully at the

curate; and between the two young people, who were leaning with looks and feelings so different over his bed, the patient lay struggling with those terrible bonds of weakness, laboring to find expression for something which wrought him into a fever of excitement. While Mr. Wentworth bent his ear closer and closer, trying to make some sense of the inarticulate torrent of sound, Lucy, inspired by grief and horror and indignation, leaned over her father on the other side, doing everything possible to calm him. "O papa, don't say any more—don't say any more; we understand you," she cried, and put her soft hands upon his flushed forehead, and her cheek to his. "No more, no more," cried the girl in the dulled ear which could not hear. "We will do everything you wish—we understand all," said Lucy. Mr. Wentworth withdrew vanquished in that strange struggle—he stood looking on while she calmed and calmed and subdued into silence the dying passion which he would have given anything in the world to stimulate into clearer utterance. She had baffled his efforts, made him helpless to serve her, perhaps injured herself cruelly; but all the more the curate loved her for it, as she expanded over her dying father, with the white sleeves hanging loose about her arms like the white wings of an angel, as he thought. Gradually the agony of utterance got subdued, and then Lucy resumed her position by the bed. "He shall not be disturbed," she said again, through lips that were parched with emotion; and so sat watchful over him, a guardian immovable, ready to defy all the world in defence of his peace.

Mr. Wentworth turned away with his heart full. He would have liked to go and kiss her hand or her sleeve or anything belonging to

her; and yet he was impatient beyond expression, and felt that she had baffled and vanquished him. Miss Wodehouse stood behind, still looking on with a half perception of what had happened; but the mind of the elder sister was occupied with vain hopes and fears, such as inexperienced people are subject to in the presence of death.

"He heard what you said," said Miss Wodehouse; "don't you think that was a good sign! O Mr. Wentworth, sometimes I think he looks a little better," said the poor lady, looking wistfully into the curate's face. Mr. Wentworth could only shake his head as he hurried away.

"I must go and consult Mr. Waters," he said as he passed her. "I shall come back presently," and then Miss Wodehouse followed him to the door, to beg him not to speak to Mr. Waters of *anything particular*—"For papa has no confidence in him," she said, anxiously. The curate was nearly driven to his wits' end as he hastened out. He forgot the clouds that surrounded him in his anxiety about this sad household; for it seemed but too evident that Mr. Wodehouse had made no special provision for his daughters; and to think of Lucy under the power of her unknown brother, made Mr. Wentworth's blood boil.

The shutters were all put up that afternoon in the prettiest house in Grange Lane. The event took Carlingford altogether by surprise; but other events just then were moving the town into the wildest excitement; for nothing could be heard, far or near, of poor little Rosa Elsworthy, and everybody was aware that the last time she was seen in Carlingford she was standing by herself in the dark, at Mr. Wentworth's garden-door.

#### A NEW VERSION OF THE POPULAR AIR, THE KIEL ROW.

*As sung by L. N., the great basso profundo, in the Imperial Concerts at Compeigne, with unbounded applause.*

WEEL in the Kiel row, the Kiel row, the Kiel row,  
Weel in the Kiel row, I see my way to win;  
I'll lay my life upon it, upon it, upon it,  
I'll lay my life upon it, soon that pie my finger's in!

John Bull might trust to Johnny,  
If words were current money;  
But he's no match for Boney,  
This letter-writer fine.

He snubbed my scheme so lightly,  
And I felt angry slightly;  
Now I retort, politely,

"Your Congress? What of mine!"

*Chorus.*—Then weel in the Kiel row, etc.

Let Austria lean on Russell,  
Let Prussia brag and bustle,  
But Deutschland's flabby muscle  
No terrors has for me;  
No Spree they'll find the Eider;  
When Denmark sees beside her  
Armed France, and me to guide her,  
Then whose will Rhineland be?

*Chorus.*—Then weel in the Kiel row, etc.  
—Punch.

From The Spectator.

# THACKERAY'S PLACE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

We are told in the life of Miss Brontë, that her first words after standing for some time before Lawrence's likeness of Thackeray were, "And there came up a lion out of Judah." She meant that the face expressed first of all to her mind a deep "rage" at the treachery of human nature, in which a generous nobility and also a destructive fever of almost animal spite were blended in equal proportions. And she spoke with a true literary instinct. The peculiar power of Thackeray's genius lies in the strange effervescence of these widely different elements,—a profound tenderness of feeling, a pathos of more than feminine delicacy and more than masculine comprehensiveness, with a power of cynical fury which is always impelling him to spring upon the selfishness and duplicities of human nature and tear them to pieces before our eyes in that animal transport of retributive passion which the lion symbolizes to the imagination.

And these are the two striking characteristics of Thackeray's genius which will probably take the first place in determining his true position in English literature. He can never be placed among the pure satirists, like Dryden, or Swift, or Pope, or even Byron,—Byron scarcely ever shows real genius, except when the gleam of the cynical steel, or at the least his delight in the destructive forces of nature, bares itself to us in his poetry,—nor ever among the pure humorists, like Addison, or Lamb, or Sterne, or Dickens,—nor among the pure artists, like Miss Austen, or Sir Walter Scott, or George Eliot,—but he will always form a class by himself as a great satirical artist, blending almost equally the poignant and destructive venom of the satirist with the genial fertility of the creative imagination in which all sorts of lifelike images spring up like flowers, and spring from germs which seem quite independent of the peculiar bias of the artist's own character.

Now it requires but little penetration to see how unique a combination of intellectual powers this is. The pure satirist is filled with something between indignation and hate. We could as soon imagine Swift or Pope creating characters as lifelike as Thackeray, as we could imagine Goethe's *Mephisto-*

*topheles*, who assumed for himself the title of a purely denying genius (*der Geist der stets verneint*), claiming to take part in the work of divine creation. All great satirists, even those to whom no malignity can be imputed, who, like Juvenal, may be supposed to write from utter scorn of their age's corruption, concentrate their fire on fixed centres of evil, and find their inspiration in the rage which particular forms either of evil, or what is to them personally unpleasant and painful, excites in their minds. When Dryden drew his dark picture of Abithophel, or Pope spit forth fire against Lord Hervey as

"This bug with gilded wings,  
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;" or Byron scoffed at women and critics, and the vision of judgment, the fire was obviously kindled in an impulse in some sense the very reverse of creative. A picture, whether false or true, yet intensely realized as representing an existing grievance, acted like a blister on their imaginations, and they rose in insurrection against the original of that picture, striving to revenge the injury from which they suffered. We do not mean, of course, that the satirist can dispense with a vivid imagination, but only that he usually *cannot* have a creative one, for exactly the same reason for which the breakers would be impossible if the reef were abolished. The imagination of the satirist is a *lashing* imagination, great in conceiving new forms of scourge, new poison for its arrows, new barbs to lacerate its victim, but yet essentially determined by the obstacles against which it frets and storms. The imagination of the genuine artist is a brooding imagination, which gives birth in the exaltation of solitude to all and any images which a true sympathy with nature and the seeds of experience generate and mature within it. The mere cataract of vindictive thought which is of the very essence of pure satire would not only seem to be, but be absolutely incompatible with the healthy travail of a great artistic imagination. You must conceive vividly (usually, also, either partially or falsely) in order to scourge effectually; but the first impulse to conceive must come from without, in a sense of personal irritation; and so soon as a focus of personal resentment is well established, there is little hope of any higher imaginative growth in the mind.

Yet Thackeray certainly blended these

widely different types of genius. There was a profound soreness at the bottom of his heart,—a rankling sense of the unveracities of all human life and the imbecilities of all human goodness which gives the key-note to all his works. Whatever he may write, as he himself says,

"He shows as he removes the mask  
A face that's anything but gay."

And his moral is always the same:—

"The strong may yield, the good may fall,  
The great man be a vulgar clown,  
The knave be lifted over all,  
The kind cast pitilessly down."

"Who bade the dust from Dives' wheel  
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?  
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,  
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus."

And yet this soreness is generally only just enough to give a specific determination, a constant bias, to the creative dreams of his imagination. It turns into imaginative rage and scorn when the right moment comes; but he has the power to suspend, as it were, the æctic fermentation till after the completest finish has been given to the conception within him. There is always somewhere an (apparently unconscious) provision for either the scorn or intellectual pity which is to be afterwards called forth by his creations; but he can lie in wait for the true moment to express this, and in the mean time make his "puppets," as he loves to call them, live before our eyes. We see, indeed, from afar the weak spot, we feel the intended mark of the shaft still lying idle on the board, and we know that, almost without the satirist's own knowledge, he is conceiving what shall yield him the opportunity of scoring away the proud flesh of human nature with that finely-pointed pencil of caustic with which he loves best to draw. But still his imagination is in no way fretted by the excitement before the fit moment comes; the living character springs forth as calmly from his mind as if creative power were his sole delight, and gives little hint that he is making a world, with the *arrière pensée* of laying bare its deformities, and feeding his scorn on its theatrical falsehoods. He is like a man who, while half-awake, gently impels his half-finished dream in a particular direction, and conceals from himself the thought which induces him to exercise an unacknowledged

control over the infinitely crossing network of his associations. In the same way Mr. Thackeray moulds his characters, especially his best characters, in a kind of pliant material, a moral india-rubber, so that the slightest lengthening of a line here, or the contraction of a curve there, will change a smile of dignity into a grin of despair, or the severity of strength into the hardness of savage recklessness.

And Thackeray was assisted in this wonderful shading off of good into evil and strength into weakness—for, after all, the intellectual focus of his inquisitive imagination was always in the evil or weakness which he saw lurking underneath the goodness and the strength,—by the extraordinary tenderness of his sympathies, which made even this fierce imaginative craving for destruction a task of some personal pain, that he performs almost in spite of himself, and with sighs and tears of pity as well as of rage. He can harden himself absolutely, indeed, against the iron wickedness of absolute and successful selfishness. In *Vanity Fair* he never relents for a moment towards the Marquis of Steyne, or even towards Jos Sedley; but he is always in his heart relenting towards Becky Sharpe, and cannot deny himself the satisfaction of making her voluntarily instrumental to his heroine's happiness even at the lowest point of her degradation. It is this constant quivering of a note of tenderness amidst all the despicable and shameful things which he attributes to his worst characters, that really raises Thackeray's satire so high above the level of all preceding satire. There is nothing but keen edge in the virulence of Pope, or the scorn of Swift, and the imagination soon loses the power to feel when the same class of wounds are constantly inflicted. But Thackeray is always trembling with sensitiveness as well as flashing with rage. He trains our nerves to a finer and more delicate sense of tune before he dashes his hand with a fierce jar over the strings. He teaches us to recognize every sweet note, even when it is all but lost in the discordant scream of passion. He relieves the mind by long intervals of genial insight before he rends it with his imaginative fury at the lurking baseness, or at the imbecility of innocence. Take, for instance, that wonderful portrait of Lady Castlewood in "*Esmond*," which roused Miss Brontë to protest

again, his habitually unfair treatment of women, in describing a woman in many respects so noble-hearted, as listening at doors, as savagely jealous of her own daughter, and as feeling for a man almost in the position of a son the glittering passion of a feline tenderness. Yet how infinitely he increases the force of the satire by his intensity of sympathy with her love. A scene of more wonderful genius was scarcely ever conceived, even by Shakespeare, than that in which she welcomes Esmond back after their partial estrangement; it makes the reader's mind quiver with the emotion of a woman whom he cannot in his own heart endure.

" 'I know it, I know it,' she answered in a tone of such sweet humility, as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. 'I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you—and it was better even that, having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, "When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream," I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" I looked up from the book, and saw you. I was not surprised when I saw you. I knew you would come, my dear, and saw the gold sunshine round your head.' She smiled an almost wild smile as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see, for the first time now clearly, her sweet careworn face. 'Do you know what day it is?' she continued. 'It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday! But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever; and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear.' She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly, 'bringing your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!' As Esmond had sometimes felt gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depths overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder, at that endless brightness and beauty, in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devo-

tion (which was for the first time, revealed to him quite) smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving."

And yet Thackeray never really liked this woman himself, and successfully blends with every thrill of sympathy with her an undertone of profound aversion.

But what made Thackeray so great a satirist was not, after all, his rage and despair at the selfishness and falsehood of human nature, for he was equally alive to every noble and generous sentiment, but a profound scepticism in any virtue springing from a deeper root than high and honorable feeling. Nobleness was to him only one of the forms of natural disposition, and he seems to have entertained permanent doubts of any deeper spring of principle. He felt that many men and women *could* not sully and stain their minds by any meanness or any selfishness, but his inquisitive genius, lifting up the outer garment of noble *feeling*, failed to detect any more solid groundwork beneath. As he unwraps the gorgeous clothing, waistcoat after waistcoat, from George IV., and looking behind them all, declares that he finds—simply nothing; so he could not help lifting, or trying to lift, even the closer garments of generous feeling and tender sensibility from human nature, and peering beneath, and despondently resigning the search after any deeper spring of righteousness. "Be each, pray God, a gentleman," he sings as the burden of his best wish for the young, and he almost expressly resigns the hope of anything deeper for man. He is a *homo desideriorum*, yearning after what he believes to be impossibilities, but sighing after them still, by which he is distinguished both from the pure satirists, who only destroy, and the purely creative imaginations which build on a foundation of faith. Had he only written those dreadful early works, in which every stroke is full of venom, "Barry Lyndon," the "Yellow Plush Papers," the "Fatal Boots," and so forth, he would never have taken that unique place in English literature which was reserved for the man who could fill us with a yearning love for the human nature which he was teaching us to distrust and sometimes to despise. But though it is his characteristic power as a writer to disappoint in some smiling way even the highest expectations which his more kindly art has first raised,—to make us feel, for instance, that

Dobbin is after all a "Spooney," and even Colonel Newcome more noble than strong,—it is always with a generous melancholy that he takes up the burden of "*Vanitas vanitatum!*" "Ah '*Vanitas vanitatum!*'" he said, in closing his greatest work, "which of us is happy in this world? which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for the play is played out." And that is the

key-note of his genius,—the yearning to believe, the difficulty in believing, that there is anything deeper than human desires—anything which should limit our grief and mortification at their habitual disappointment. Perhaps the unquenchable thirst which made him so great a satirist, may be already slaked, and the fever of that inquisitive genius finally subdued.

OUR SUFFOCATED SEAMSTRESSES.—There are no slaves in England, oh, dear no, certainly not. It is true we make our milliners work fifteen hours a day, and twenty-four upon emergencies; but then of course you know their labor is quite voluntary. That is to say, the girls—we beg pardon, the "young ladies" who slave—we mean to say, who serve in these establishments, are obliged, that is, "expected," to do what is required of them, and this means, as we have said, to work for fifteen hours a day, and to work all day and night whenever press of business calls for it. This is the trade rule, which has but very few exceptions, and the slaves, that is, apprentices, are "expected" to conform to it. But then of course you know there's no compulsion in the matter. This is a free country, and the "ladies" who "assist" at our great millinery establishments of course are quite at liberty to leave off working when they like, only if they do so they must also leave their places. And as they most of them are orphans, and have no one to look after them, and see no likelihood elsewhere of getting easier employment, they seldom find the courage to resort to this alternative, and so—quite willingly, of course—they submit to being worked to death instead of being starved to it.

For, bless you, yes, our slaves—we should say, our young ladies—have the best of food provided them, and as far as mere good living goes there's no fear of their dying. Perhaps they don't get turtle soup and vension as a rule, but of wholesome beef and mutton they've as much as they can eat, in fact, a good deal more, for they have not much time for eating. The only food they are short of is the food that feeds the lungs, and for want of this it happens now and then, that they are suffocated. After working all day long in close and crowded rooms, they sleep two in a bed, with the beds jammed close together; and so they *should* get used to stifling, for they have certainly enough of it. But somehow now and then they are found dead in their beds, in spite of all the care that has been taken for their comfort. It is very ungrateful of them, to say the very least: because, when such mishaps occur, there is sure to be a fuss made at that stupid Coroner's Inquest. And then their dear

good kind employers, of whom they always speak so well (as do schoolboys of their masters, in the usual holiday letter)—these tender-hearted Christians, or Hebrews it may be, are called all sorts of horrid names, and almost accused of manslaughter! But poor dear injured men, how can they help such accidents? Why, M'm, they take the greatest care of their young people, and always have a doctor handy for emergencies. Yes, M'm, fresh air is the thing, but how are you to get it? Rents, you know, M'm, is hawful 'igh, and every hinch of 'ouseroom is uncommon precious. We do heverything, we can, M'm, we do assure you that we does, and as far as morals go, combined with every hother luxury, our young ladies is most comfortable, you may take our honest word for it. But you see, M'm, there's a deal of competition now in trade, and when one 'ires expensive 'ouses, one 'as to make the most of 'em. And so you see, M'm, our young ladies *must* sleep pretty thick; but for cleanliness and comfort, their rooms is quite a pictur!

So the tale is told, and so will it be repeated, and when another slave is stifled, good Mr. Mantalini will heave a sigh of sympathy, and say he's reely very sorry, but—but how can he help it? Of course by increasing the number of his work-women, which would lessen his profits, and hiring extra houses, he might give his slaves more sleeping room, and prevent their being stifled. But, dear, kind, thoughtless creature, he will never dream of this, unless an Act of Parliament obliges him to do so, and the spectres of his work-rooms have a Government Inspector.—*Punch*.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.—*Sorr*.—Misther Admiral Fitzroy, writing to the *Times* about the Storrms and thim great nautical pests, the Timpests, and such like diversions, says,—

"There is usually about a day's interval before Irish weather reaches England," etc.

And who's to blame for this? Sure 'tis the mismanagement of the Saxon. What's to prevent them letting the Irish weather start the day before, and then 'twill be here in time.

I am, sorr, yours contimptuously,

AN IRISH OWL.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

# FRENCH STATESMEN ON THE REBELLION.

REPLY TO THE LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE OF  
NEW YORK.

THE following is the reply of Count de Gasparin, M. Laboulaye, Professor Henri Martin, M. Cochin, and others, to the letter addressed to them some time since by the Loyal National League of this city:—

GENTLEMEN,—We would have thanked you much sooner but for the prolonged absence of one of our number. It would have been painful to us to have lost the collective character of this reply; for the blending of our four names is a proof of that great unity of sentiment upon all that concerns the cause of justice, which, by God's favor, manifests itself here below in spite of political and religious differences.

Yet we are careful not to overrate our personal importance. The League does not address us as individuals; it speaks to France, who cherishes, as a national tradition, the friendship of the United States. It speaks to European opinion, which will rise up and declare itself more clearly as it recognizes that the struggle is between slavery and liberty.

You have comprehended, gentlemen, that neither France nor Europe have been free from misapprehensions. Light did not at first dawn upon the nature of the salutary but painful crisis through which you are passing; it was not plain to all, at the outset, that the work inaugurated by the election of Mr. Lincoln yielded nothing in grandeur to that which your fathers accomplished with the aid of Lafayette and under the guidance of Washington.

Europe has had her errors, her hesitations, for which we are paying dearly to-day on both shores of the Atlantic. What blood would have been spared to you, what industrial suffering avoided by us, had European opinion declared itself with that force which you had the right to hope for! There is a protest of the universal conscience before which mankind necessarily recoils; moral forces are, after all, the great forces.

The revolted South, which needed our aid, which relied and perhaps still relies upon us, would not have long dared to affront the indignation of the civilized world.

## I.

Why has this indignation been withheld? Why has a sort of favor been granted to the only insurrection which has had neither motive nor pretext—to the only one which has dared to unfurl the banner of slavery? What has been the merit of this insurrection? By

what charm has it conciliated the sympathy of more than one enlightened mind? This is a question humiliating to put, but useful to solve.

In the first place, Europe doubted whether slavery was the real cause of conflict. Strange doubt, in truth! For many years slavery had been the great, the only subject of strife in the United States. At the time of the election of Mr. Buchanan the only issue was slavery. The electoral platforms prove this fact; the manifestoes of the South were unanimous in this sense; her party leaders, her governors, her deliberative assemblies, her press, spoke but of slavery; the Vice-President of the insurgent Confederacy had made haste to declare officially that the mission of the new State was to present to the admiration of mankind a society founded on the "corner-stone" of slavery. Lastly, it would seem that to all reflecting minds the acts of Mr. Buchanan and other presidents named by the South were proof enough of this truth. The South thinks only of slavery. In her eyes all means are right to secure to slavery its triumphs and boundless conquests.

But it is objected that Mr. Lincoln and his friends were not Abolitionists. That is certain. Their programme went no further than to stop the extension of slavery and shut it out from the Territories. Was this nothing? Was it not in fact everything? Who could have foreseen that, on the appearance of such a programme, of a progress so unexpected, of an attack so bold upon the policy which was lowering and ruining the United States, the friends of liberty would not all have hastened to applaud. Was not this the time to cheer and strengthen those who were thus entering on the good path? Was it not due to urge them on in their liberal tendencies, so that, the first step taken, they should take the second and go on to the end? Ought not that which terrified and dismayed the champions of slavery to rejoice the hearts of its adversaries?

Your letter, gentlemen, puts in bold relief the reasons which hindered Mr. Lincoln from adopting at the outset an abolition policy. The President could disregard neither his oath of office nor the Federal Constitution; he had also to keep in mind the opposition which a plan of emancipation would encounter in the loyal States. The head of a great government cannot act with the freedom of a philosopher in his study. In simple truth, Mr. Lincoln should be accused neither of timidity nor indifference. Your letter recalls the measures of his Presidency—abolition of slavery in the capital and in the District of Columbia, the proclaiming of freedom to fugitive slaves, the principle of compensated emancipation submitted to all the loyal States, the

death penalty actually inflicted on captains of slaves, the treaty with England admitting the right of search, the establishment of diplomatic relations with the black republics of Liberia and Hayti, the arming of free negroes, and at last, when the length and gravity of the war sanctioned an extreme exercise of the powers of commander-in-chief, the absolute and final suppression of slavery in all the revolted States.

We, gentlemen, are Abolitionists; and we declare that we have never hoped nor wished for a more steady, rapid, and resolute progress. We have understood the difficulties which surrounded Mr. Lincoln. We have honored his scruples of conscience with regard to the Constitution of his country which stopped his path. We have admired the courageous good sense with which he moved straight on, the instant he could so do without danger to his cause or violation of the law.

Wonder is expressed that slavery is abolished in the revolted States and yet preserved in the loyal States! In other words, there is wonder that he who has sworn to obey the Constitution should respect it. Let no one take alarm at this. There is no danger that the "domestic institution," crushed in the Carolinas and Louisiana, will long survive in Kentucky or Maryland. Already, as you have stated to us, a solemn proposition has been made to all the loyal States; already one of the most important, Missouri, has set the example of acceptance. To be thus uneasy about the maintenance of slavery in the North argues to our minds quite too much tenderness for the South. We look with suspicion upon this pretended abolitionism, whose unfriendly exactions were first put forth on the very day illumined in America by the dawn of abolition. We frankly say we could never have foreseen that the election of Mr. Lincoln and the several acts which we have just enumerated would be an endless cause of complaint and distrust and unworthy denunciation from so many men who plume themselves in Europe upon their hatred of slavery.

And since, to destroy the North in public opinion, it was not enough to accuse it of too much favor for slavery, another grievance has been found. The North oppressed the South! The struggle was of two nationalities! The South has risen for independence!

Its independence! there were then subject provinces in the heart of the Union? Doubtless these provinces had no part in the government of the country; the South had not the same rights as the North? Of course the South was held in this state of inferiority and subjection by numerous Federal garri-

sons? Not at all. All the States enjoyed the same rights, took like part in elections. If any section was favored it was the South, to which a further suffrage was granted in proportion to the number of its slaves. If any advantage had been enjoyed it was by the South, which had given the majority of presidents and chief officers. Yet in this free country, a country without an army, and whose material means as well as laws were a sufficient barrier against oppression—in such a country we are told of a province claiming independence!

We are of your opinion, gentlemen, that independence and nationality are words too noble to be abused. In their abuse, things are compromised, and the more noble and sacred these things the more careful should we be not to confound them with what is neither noble nor sacred—a revolt in the name of slavery, a fratricidal revolt, which would destroy a free constitution and tear asunder a common country for fear lest there might be interference with the internal slave traffic, the continued breeding in Virginia, the sale and separation of families, and lest perchance some Territories should be shut out from the conquests of slavery.

In vain we seek in the United States for a nationality striving to regain its independence. Not only has independence been nowhere assailed, but there is absolutely no trace of a separate nationality. Nowhere, perhaps, is there a more thorough national homogeneity. North and South the race is the same; faith, language, history, and, we boldly add, interests are all the same. All these States have struggled together, suffered together, triumphed together. Their glories, their defeats are common. Their Constitution sprang from the free consent of all; all pledged themselves alike to remain faithful to its obligations.

This pledge is no empty word with which caprice may idly sport. Among the inventions of our epoch there is none more extraordinary than the *right of secession*. Those who discovered it will no doubt teach us where it should stop. If each section has a right of secession from the country as a whole, why not each State a right of secession from such section? Why not each county a right of secession from the State? Why not each town a right of secession from the county? Why not each citizen a right of secession from the town?

The truth is that, but for slavery, the South would not talk of its suppressed independence, nor of the right of secession. Slavery has brought the two sections to strife. The extinction of slavery will restore unity. The North and the South will some day wonder that they could have failed

to appreciate the most complete and homogeneous of nationalities.

A last resort remains. That we here may not see the great struggle on the subject of slavery, an attempt is made to present the struggle as one for domination.

But this latter struggle is the very life of free countries. It is not surprising that the North and the South each strove actively, energetically, noisily for the triumph of their candidate and policy. But when one of them, losing the battle of the ballot, plunges without hesitation into another kind of battle; when it resists, arms in hand, the result of a regular election; when on the very day that it ceases to rule it tears into fragments the common country, it is guilty of a crime for which it is difficult to imagine an excuse.

## II.

You will crush the revolt, gentlemen. You will succeed—such is our belief—in re-establishing the Union. It will emerge from the bloody trial stronger, more free, more worthy of the noble destiny to which God summons it.

It has been demonstrated to us, it is true, that the re-establishment of the Union was impossible; but was it not also demonstrated to us, and by irrefutable argument, that you would be always and of necessity defeated; that you would never know how to handle a musket; that recruiting would become impracticable; that your finances would be exhausted; that your loans would not be taken; that you would become bankrupt; that riots would ravage your cities; that your government would be overthrown. You have given to all these oracles the simplest and best answer. You will reply in the same manner to those who assert that the re-establishment of the Union is impossible.

What seems really impossible is *not* to restore the Union. Where draw the line between North and South? How maintain between them a state of peace, or even of truce? How shall slavery and liberty live side by side? How, moreover, restrain the South from European protectorates, and by what means arrest the frightful consequences of such protectorates? Geographically, morally, politically, separation would create an unnatural situation—a situation violent and hazardous, where each would live, arms in hand, waiting for the hour of conflict.

We have full faith, gentlemen, that such a trial will be spared to you. It is not that we overlook the difficulties which still remain for you to overcome; they are great, greater perhaps than we imagine. War has its vicissitudes, and you may perhaps be yet called upon to pass through periods of ill-fortune. Yet one fact always remains, and shows on which side

the final triumph will be found, supposing that there be no foreign intervention. The flag of the Union has now, for two years, never paused in its advance. It floats to-day over the soil of every revolted State without exception.

The South has had its victories; it has never gained an inch of ground. The North has had its defeats; it has never fallen back. Master to-day of the entire course of the Mississippi, master of the Border States and of Louisiana, all that remains is to stifle the revolt in the narrow territory where it first burst forth and back to which it has been driven. We believe that you will succeed in this; for Europe, the only hope of the South, seems now little disposed to give her aid.

In short, the rebellion is already reduced to such narrow proportions that should it ever become a distinct confederation, accepted as such from weariness of war, the confederacy thus created will not be born with the functions of life. Neither European recognition nor your own could give it a serious chance of duration. It would end in a return to you. But we delight to believe the re-establishment of the Union less distant. And, in the presence of that prospect which thrills our hearts with joy, permit us, as your friends, to offer you some sincere advice. The dangers of victory, you are aware, are not less than those of the combat. We give you, therefore, our loyal, frank opinion, sure that in the main it will agree with your own, and feeling, also, that these communications between us have an aim more serious than a simple exchange of words of sympathy.

We hold it to be of the first importance that the cause of the war shall not survive the war; that your real foe, slavery, shall not remain upon the field. We have often asked ourselves these last three years why God permitted the prolongation of this bloody struggle. Was it not that the real issue might present itself with perfect clearness? Conquering earlier, the Federal Government would, perhaps, have been led to make concessions, to enter anew upon the fatal path of compromise. To-day all eyes, not willingly blind, see clearly. The New York riot, breaking out at an appointed day to aid the invasion of Lee, and falling instantly upon the negro in a way to show to every witness of its cowardly ferocity what kind of spirit animated certain friends of the South—the New York riot was a supreme warning to your country. Your line of action is clearly traced. So long as anything of slavery remains, there will be a cause of antagonism in the bosom of the Union. There must be no longer any question of slavery. It must be so ordered and settled as never to return. An amendment to the Constitution to this end

must be proposed and adopted before the return of the States.

The condition of the free blacks must also be secured against the iniquities which they have so long endured. No more plans of colonization abroad, no more disabling laws, no more inequality. Those whom you have armed, who fought so bravely before the walls of Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, can never be other than citizens. Leave the problem of the races to its own solution—the most natural solutions are always the best. Under the rule of the common law, the free blacks of the South and of the North will find their legitimate place in your society, of which they will become useful members, honorable and honored.

In thus ordering in a definitive manner all that relates to slavery and the colored race, you will have done more than is generally imagined for the lasting pacification of the South. What remains for you to do on this point may be stated in three words—moderation, generosity, liberty.

There can be no question, as you have often said, of an occupation of the South, of a conquest of the South, of reducing the Southern States to the condition of provinces, where the conqueror will maintain his garrison and the public life will be suspended. Save in the districts yet ravaged by guerillas, and in the heart of which the Federal troops must finish their work, victory will everywhere bring with the re-establishment of the Union the re-establishment as promptly as possible of constitutional rights. You hope, gentlemen, that those whom you conquer to-day will to-morrow meet you in debate, and you will accept in all their truth the struggle of the press, of the legislative hall, and of the ballot, which will replace the strife of the battle-field.

We all feel it is much better that you should have to encounter difficulties fruitful of liberty, than that you should seek for yourselves the deceitful advantages of a dictatorial régime. To apply to the South an exceptional rule would be, alas, quite easy. It would be easy also to pronounce the death penalty, to outlaw, to execute confiscation bills; but in treading this path of vulgar tyranny you would sacrifice two things—your high renown in the present, a lasting union with the South in the future.

But if, on the other hand, you show the world the novel spectacle of victory without reprisals, of liberty strong enough to survive civil war: if your Constitution remain, and slavery alone fall in such a conflict; if on the morrow of the struggle the law remain supreme; if elections for the Senate and House of Representatives be again open as in the old time; if the representatives of the South-

ern States re-appear at Washington; if, taking the oath to be faithful to the Union, and to support the modified Constitution; they find themselves on a footing of perfect equality with the representatives of the North; if it be permitted to them to attack and to embarrass the government, you will have won the most glorious of victories, and assured to your country the best chance of prosperity and greatness.

Accept, gentlemen, in the advice which we tender to you, a proof of our esteem. It is not of every government, it is not of every people that such things can be asked. Protracted civil wars tend to arbitrary customs, stir up passions and hates, and at last engender a development of military power and irresponsible authority which generally hinders a return to control, to free opinion, and to strict letter of the law. We honor the United States enough to believe that they will be capable of setting us this, too, after so many other examples.

The moderation which we hope for from you at home we look for also from you abroad. Assuredly on the morrow of the submission of the South there will not be wanting a class of persons eager to recall to you wrongs, real or fancied, suffered at the hands of this or that power. They will point to your armies and disposable fleets. They will prove to you that a foreign war is perhaps the surest way to draw together the two sections so lately hostile. They will tell you that a common enmity, common dangers, are the cement needed to strengthen your shattered edifice.

You will not believe them, gentlemen. You will feel that after these jars it is needful, before all else, to restore to America peace and liberty. You will not seek new adventures, and thus lengthen the temptation of dictatorships, the peril of exceptional rule.

You will fear a return to the aggressive policy which, with its invasions and turbulence, the influence of the South forced upon you, the day, when, to assure the extension of slavery, it awakened in your hearts a wicked covetousness and pushed you almost to the violation of the law of nations. Your glory will be to take the opposite of those violent declarations, of those filibustering expeditions, of those unscrupulous ambitions.

The temptations which a great army excites are of the class most difficult to repress. May you not hesitate to reduce your forces after peace! Not only your material prosperity but your very liberty is involved in disarming, in a reduction of your expenses, and a return to the old idea of small armies and small budgets.

But we do not deceive ourselves. Your small armies, do what you may, will be large compared with those of three years ago.

Your military education is completed; you have replied but too well to those who smiled at the recital of your battles of 1861. You have learned but too quickly to face death and to kill, and what you have learned you will not unlearn. You will not return to your former situation.

But while we do not expect again to see your effective force at ten thousand men, we do hope that effective forces which are now numbered by hundreds of thousands will not long be witnessed on American soil.

### III.

Courage! You have before you one of the most noble works, the most sublime which can be accomplished here below—a work in the success of which we are as interested as yourselves—a work the success of which will be the honor and the consolation of our time.

This generation will have seen nothing more grand than the abolition of slavery (in destroying it with you, you destroy it everywhere), and the energetic uprising of a people which in the midst of its growing prosperity was visibly sinking under the weight of the tyranny of the South, the complicity of the North, odious laws and compromises.

Now, at the cost of immense sacrifices, you have stood up against the evil; you have chosen rather to pour out your blood and your dollars than to descend further the slope of degradation, where rich, united, powerful, you were sure to lose that which is far nobler than wealth, or union, or power.

Well, Europe begins to understand, willingly or unwillingly, what you have done. In France, in England, everywhere your cause gains ground, and be it said for the honor of the nineteenth century, the obstacle which our ill-will and our evil passions could not overcome—the obstacle which the intrigues of the South could not surmount, is an idea, a principle. Hatred of slavery has been your champion in the Old World. A poor champion seemingly. Laughed at, scorned, it seems weak and lonely. But what matters it? Ere the account be closed principles will stand for something, and conscience, in all human affairs, will have the last word.

This, gentlemen, is what we would say to you in the name of all who with us, and better than ourselves, defend your cause in Europe. Your words have cheered us; may ours in turn cheer you! You have yet to cross many a dark valley. More than once the impossibility of success will be demonstrated to you; more than once, in the face of some military check or political difficulty, the cry will be raised that all is lost. What matters it to you? Strengthen your cause daily by daily making it more just, and fear not; there is a God above.

We love to contemplate in hope the noble future which seems to stretch itself before you. The day you emerge at last from the anguish of civil war—and you will surely come out freed from the odious institution which corrupted your public manners, and degraded your domestic as well as your foreign policy—that day your whole country, South as well as North, and the South perhaps more fully than the North, will enter upon a wholly new prosperity. European emigration will hasten toward your ports, and will learn the road to those whom, until now, it has feared to approach. Cultivation, now abandoned, will renew its yield. Liberty—for these are her miracles—will revivify by her touch the soil which slavery had rendered barren.

Then there will be born unto you a greatness nobler and more stable than the old, for in this greatness there will be no sacrifice of justice.

AGENOR DE GASPARIN,

AUGUSTIN COCHIN,

EDOUARD LABOULAYE,

Member of the Institute of France.

HENRI MARTIN.

Paris, October 31, 1863.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

### THE LATE STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

HIS MUSICAL CAREER—THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

On the tomb of Donizetti, in the cathedral at Bergamo, is a modest inscription saying that the dead composer was "a finder of many melodies." The simple record—too unpretending for the merits of the Italian composer—will be peculiarly applicable to the late Stephen C. Foster, the song-writer, who died on the 18th instant in this city.

Mr. Foster was born in Pittsburg, July 4, 1826, the same day on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and laid out on his property a town which he intended to call Foster-ville. "Soon afterwards," says Mr. Charles McKnight, of the Pittsburg *Evening Chronicle*, in his interesting biographical notice of the late song-writer, "the gallant Captain Lawrence was killed, fighting his ship, the *Chesapeake*, and Mr. Foster patriotically changed the name of his town to Lawrence-ville, adopting as the motto on the corporation seal the dying words of Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship.'"

When seven years old young Stephen Foster showed enough musical precocity to learn, unaided, the flageolet; and later he played other instruments, though, like most composers, he was never eminent as a performer. Like Moore, he was fond of singing his own songs, and when he accompanied himself on the piano or guitar, there was a charming and plaintive sadness in his voice which touched the hearts of his listeners.

His melodies are so sweet, so simple, so unpretending, that few people supposed that he had studied music scientifically, and was familiar with the more classical works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. He also was a man of considerable versatility in other branches. He understood French and German, painted in water-colors, was a good accountant, and wrote all the words as well as the music of his songs. These words were in style almost identical with his melodies,—sweet, simple, and no worse in rhyme or rhythm than the majority of popular lyrics.

George Willig, the Baltimore music publisher, published his first song in 1842. It was called "Open thy lattice, Love," and was followed by "Old Uncle Ned," and "Oh! Susanna," which were issued by Peters of Cincinnati. Then appeared "Louisiana Belle," "Nelly was a Lady," "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold Ground," "Nelly Bly," "O Boys carry me 'long," "Old Folks at Home," and others. With these Foster established his reputation as a writer of negro minstrelsy, and at the same time made considerable money, his New York publishers, Firth, Pond, & Co., paying him over fifteen thousand dollars, on "Old Folks at Home" alone—the most profitable piece of music ever published in this city. E. P. Christy paid Foster five hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of this song.

During the past ten years Foster's compositions were of a more sentimental and refined character. He dropped the burlesque negro words and wrote and composed such songs as "Willie, we have missed you," "Ellen Bayne," "Maggie by my side," "Come where my Love lies dreaming," "Little Ella," "Jennie with the light brown hair," "Willie, my Brave," "Farewell, my Lillie dear," "O Comrades, fill no Glass for me," "Old Dog Tray," "Mollie, do you love me?" "Summer Breath," "Ah, may the Red Rose live away," "Come with thy sweet Voice again," "I see her still in my Dreams," "Suffer little Children to come unto me," "Ella is an Angel," "I will be true to thee," and over a hundred others. His last composition—a song said to include one of his most beautiful melodies—will soon be published by Horace Waters, of this city. His later works exhibit greater grace and tenderness than his earlier ones; and had he lived, and taken proper care of his health, he might have obtained the most enviable eminence as a musician. As it is, he had the blessed, heaven-sent gift of melody, and his compositions, if not his name, are known all over the world. Russians, Italians, Germans, French, and even Egyptians and Chinese, have heard and admired those sweet strains which made Stephen

C. Foster pre-eminently the ballad-writer of America. We hope his publishers will make a collection—if not of all—of his best songs and choruses, and publish them in some enduring form; for their popularity will not die with the man whose genial imagination gave them birth.

From The Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

#### THE NATIONAL LABORATORY.—A GREAT GOVERNMENT MEDICINE FACTORY.

At Sixth and Oxford Streets is an establishment whose extent and importance are known to a very small proportion of our citizens. It is the United States Government Laboratory, at which are manufactured all the compounded preparations used in the entire armies of the United States. At Sixth and Master Streets is another large building, formerly a hospital, under the same management, where are made all the hospital materials, beds and bedding, used in the army-hospitals, and the clothing prepared for invalids' use.

The whole is under the charge of Dr. Andrew K. Smith, U. S. A. The work conducted there gives employment to about two hundred and twenty-five hands, male and female. Of the latter there are one hundred and eighty. The manufacturing facilities provided here are a decided curiosity. The drugs are purchased in a crude state, and every specimen is tested by chemical analysis. The chemical and manufacturing apparatus, stills, etc., are all of the first order of excellence and completeness. So perfect are the resources of the laboratory that the glass stoppers of the bottles are ground upon the premises, and the bandages for wounds are woven in the establishment upon spindles provided for the purpose.

The cellar is devoted to the storage and bottling of wines and liquors for medicinal purposes. These, to be accepted, pass an ordeal that would satisfy even Dr. Cox, of Ohio. In accuracy of testing their purity, Dr. Smith needs the assistance of the State Assayer. Whiskey, brandy, and wines are the liquors employed. None but the best are procured. The last purchase of whiskey was selected from twenty-three samples, of which the rest were rejected.

The first floor contains the analytical laboratory, the mill-rooms, and the packing-room. The former is an exceedingly beautiful apparatus. The microscopes are of the most valuable character, and the balances adjusted with unerring nicety. All were imported from Europe. The mill-room has six mills, with bolting cloths and appurtenances complete. In these, crude drugs are pulverized and prepared for administration. A long, one-story building behind the mill-room is devoted to the preparation of tinctures and extracts. Of these the production is enormous. The

contents of the largest drug house would compare very insignificantly with the weekly production.

The second floor is a vast pill manufactory, where huge masses of mixtures are divided into globules by the delicate manipulation of soldiers' wives, widows, and children. Plasters are also made here by the thousand, and about ten thousand bandages per day beside. The bandage-making apparatus is unique. There is nothing like it elsewhere in existence. The credit of its introduction is due to Dr. Smith, who, though cosmopolitan by education, inherits the ingenuity of the sons of New England. He is a native of Connecticut. This part of the establishment is exceedingly curious and interesting. It has saved the Government vast sums of money hitherto wasted, and gives to the physicians at all times remedial agents of reliable quality and standard.

The grinding of glass stoppers for bottles is here also performed. Nothing is wasted by leakage or evaporation, and corks are discarded in favor of ground glass. The third

floor is the filling department, where all the fluid medicines and powders are bottled. A dumb-waiter conveys them to the packing-room below. Each bottle is packed in a separate paper box, surrounded by sawdust. Breakage, therefore, is impossible. A fire-proof building in the yard, erected under the supervision of Dr. Smith, is appropriated solely to the distillation of ether and chloroform. Another long, one-story building, in five apartments, is used for the preparation of articles requiring direct heat. Everywhere else throughout the building steam is used. The motor is an engine of twenty-five horsepower. The whole concern is entirely complete and independent in itself, and is worthy of any nation in the world. A wash-house in the yard alone gives employment to eleven girls in washing bottles for daily use. Stables and wagons are upon the premises, and the whole place, during working hours, is a hive of industry. Citizens are welcome to visit the laboratory. Dr. Smith will be found willing to conduct visitors through this great national establishment.

THE NEW BABY.—"THAT'S DONE IT!" said Mr. Punch.

The fact is that he was breakfasting in his elegant and luxurious apartment in the shadow of the Church of Saint Bride, the handsomest spire, bar one, in London. And he does not read the papers until after breakfast, for he gets so indignant with bad English, brutal relieving officers, base husbands, and puffing advertisements, that it is not giving fair play to his cook to mix such things up with an artistic breakfast.

So he takes them with his subsequent cigar, and meantime reads Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

The bells of St. Bride suddenly dashed out into a wild chorus of metallic jubilation.

"Hallo!" said Mr. Punch, recalling his fine mind from Burton's celestial devils to terrestrial topics. "Have I been publishing another new volume, that the world is in ecstasies?"

His secretary entered.

This young nobleman, who is the heir-apparent to a dukedom, and is qualifying himself, under Mr. Punch's training, to be Prime Minister when Pam resigns in 1884, had divined his chief's puzzlement, and at once said, with the most highly bred composure, and as if continuing a conversation,—

"The Princess of Wales presented us with a Prince about nine o'clock last night."

"The telegram must have been sent to my private residence," said Mr. Punch. "How is the dear young lady going on?"

"Excellently."

"Hooray! And a Prince?"

"A Prince," said the young nobleman.

"THAT'S DONE IT!" said Mr. Punch.

"I see what you mean," said the young nobleman.

"I should be sorry, my dear marquis, if you did not. Explain what I mean."

"You would say that this most opportune event has clinched the nail. That we previously felt it a duty to prevent King Christian from being robbed by the Sausages, but that now it is also a pleasure to aid him. That the darling Princess having given the Queen a grandson, the Prince a son, and the nation a pet, we are not going to let Schleswig be taken from her father."

"Very well said, marquis, but call it Slesvick for the future. That is the good old title, and we won't have the duchy Germanized, even in name. Send beer to those ringers. I must write a nursery song for the new baby."

The secretary withdrew, and in ten minutes had made a beautiful copy, on pink paper, of the following ditty, and was hurrying away with it to Frogmore:—

#### NURSERY SONG FOR THE NEW BABY.

Oh, slumber, my darling, thy sire is a Prince  
Whom Mamma beheld skating not quite five hours since.

And Grandpapa Christian is off to the fray  
With Germans, who'd steal his nice duchy away.

But slumber, my darling, the English are true,  
And they'll help him for love of Mamma and of you.  
And the Channel fleet's coming with powder and shot,

And the Germans must run, or they'll catch it all hot.

We have only to add that the infant Prince will be christened Edward Christian Punch Alexander John Bull Slesvick.—Punch, 16 Jan.

## A PRAYER.

I ASK not wealth, but power to take  
And use the things I have aright ;  
Not years, but wisdom that shall make  
My life a profit and delight

I ask not that for me the plan  
Of good and ill be set aside ;  
But that the common lot of man  
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep  
My steps in places green and sweet,  
Nor find the pathway of the deep  
A path of safety for my feet ;

But pray that, when the tempest's breath  
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,  
I make not shipwreck of my faith  
In the unbottomed sea of doubt ;

And that, though it be mine to know  
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,  
Good angels still may come and go  
On the bright ladder of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below—  
That friends shall never be estranged ;  
But for the power of loving, so  
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth—Fate, I give thee these ;  
Leave faith and hope till life is passed ;  
And leave my heart's best impulses  
Fresh and unailing to the last.

For this I count, of all sweet things,  
The sweetest out of heaven above ;  
And loving others surely brings  
The fullest recompense of love !

—*Chambers's Journal.*

## WHAT OF THE DAY?

A SOUND of tumult troubles all the air,  
Like the low thunder of a sultry sky,  
Far-rolling ere the downright lightnings glare.  
The hills blaze red with warnings ; foes draw  
nigh,  
Treading the dark with challenge and reply !  
Behold the burden of the Prophet's vision—  
The gathering hosts, the Valley of Decision,  
Dusk with the wings of eagles hovering o'er !  
Day of the Lord, of darkness and not light,  
It breaks in thunder and the whirlwind's roar !  
Even so, Father ! let thy will be done  
In mercy or in judgment. As for me,  
If but the least and frailest, let me be  
Evermore numbered with the truly free,  
Who find thy service perfect liberty.  
I fain would thank thee that my mortal life

Has reached the hour (albeit through care and  
pain)  
When Good and Evil, as for final strife,  
Close dim and vast on Armageddon's plain ;  
And Michael and his angels once again  
Drive howling back the spirits of the Night !  
Oh, for the faith to read the signs aright,  
And from the angle of thy perfect sight  
See Truth's white banner floating on before ;  
And the good cause, despite of venal friends  
And base expedients, move to noble ends ;  
See Peace with Freedom make to Time amends ;  
And through its cloud of dust, thy threshing-  
floor,  
Flailed by thy thunders, heaped with chaffless  
grain !

—*John G. Whittier.*

## THE AMERICAN FLAG.

To Col. Robert G. Shaw and the 54th Massachusetts  
Volunteers.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

At last, at last, each flowing star  
In that pure field of heavenly blue,  
On every people shining far,  
Burns, to its utmost promise true.

Hopes in our fathers' hearts that stirred,  
Justice, the seal of peace, long scorned,  
O perfect peace ! too long deferred,  
At last, at last your day has dawned.

Your day has dawned, but many an hour  
Of storm and cloud, of doubt and tears,  
Across the eternal sky must lower,  
Before the glorious noon appears.

And not for us that noontide glow,  
For us the strife and toil shall be ;  
But welcome toil, for now we know  
Our children shall that glory see.

At last, at last, O Stars and Stripes !  
Touched in your birth by Freedom's flame,  
Your purifying lightning wipes  
Out from our history its shame.

Stand to your faith, America !  
Sad Europe, listen to our call !  
Up to your manhood, Africa !  
That gracious flag floats over all.

And when the hour seems dark with doom,  
Our sacred banner, lifted higher,  
Shall flash away the gathering gloom  
With inextinguishable fire.

Pure as its white the future see !  
Bright as its red is now the sky !  
Fixed as its stars the faith shall be  
That nerves our hands to do or die !  
May, 1863.